M LOZENGES
FORM LOZENGES, are the greatest
made, for dispelling the various
frequently and distre
adults. They are an infallible
the taste that children will take them
mon peppermint Lozenges.
ed, Eighth Avenue, has always cured
ma, by Sherman's Lozenges. He would
m in his house on any account.
Townsend's girl, nine years old, was
dd, by two physicians. She was fast
ed; was so miserable, that death was
for relief. Three doses of Sherman's
entirely cured her.
of the most distinguished physicians
says, Sherman's Worm Lozenges are
of article be known of for destroying
other celebrated physician, uses no other
his practice.
meadway, has used Sherman's Lozenges
more than two years,—and never knew
delay. Col. L. Clark, Joseph Haines, Esq.
n, and the thousands who have used
n fully stand to their great and wo
testimonials might be added of those truly
ect.
PER BOX.
HEADACHE CURED IN FIVE TO TEN
BY SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZEN
a very pleasant, agreeable and effectual
ing remedy for lassitude of spirits, nervous
discomfort or patrid derangement, as well
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GH LOZENGES
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ooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the
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n they did not give perfect satisfaction.
s Kent had suffered with a distressing
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of consumption. He tried many popular
in vain. He consulted some of our most
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to so, and to the unspeakable joy of all his
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ot bottles, was entirely cured, and he is
gh divine blessing, permanently in health
No. 4 Rath street, cured of a most distress
day by a few doses of Sherman's Coug
ng subjects of the day. Go where you
medicine, and hear what they say
Sherman's Vegetable Pills or you know Mis
at the point of death, but she had be
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TERS VEGETABLE PILLS
, anti dyspeptic, and anti medicinal, as
considered a Universal Medicine and
eneficial in the following complaints
ous Fevers, Fever and Ague, Dyspep
mplaints, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Jaw
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ected or Sallow Complexion, and in a
of the Bowels, where a Cathartic is
ded. They are exceedingly mild in the
ducing neither nausea, griping nor debility
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y JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT
ed in the Philadelphia Evening Post.
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1838.
Dear Sir: A few weeks ago I noticed
ve account of the surprising effects
ative, in restoring a great number of
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re affected by a violent Bowel Complaint
you further at so kindly, you may be
the praise bestowed upon it. The bow
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I now feel as well as I ever did in my
I have for the last sixty years. Last
great deal of blood, which I
Now, sir, after suffering so long
such signal relief from Dr. Jayne's Exp
ntinuous to adhere to his invaluable
had. If you think this worthy of a place
to will oblige me by inserting it.
NICHOLAS HARRIS, Sen. in Lombardst
ing been a worthy member of
the First Baptist Church in this cit
ers may be placed to his assertions.
invited to call and see him.
valuable medicine may be had
Dr. D. Jayne, No. 2 South Third st
Philadelphia.
Worms! Worms! Worms! Jayne's Tem
UGE.—This Vermifuge is found
that children will not refuse to take
troys WORMS mentally, not
mach, increases the appetite, and
rmanent Tonic, and is therefore valuable
Intermittent and Remittent Fevers
n almost a certain cure for FEVERS
hat is of more importance, it does
destroys Worms, and invigorates the
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ugsen, near Salem, N. J. a
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e large Worms.
A. Lentz, of the Penn Township
in this city, gave it to one of his
after the sixth dose it brought
at once, five and six inches long
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PERSIA, and in the course of two
ward of thirty pieces of TAPE WORM
perfectly cured
tlemen of this city had it administered
ghter about three years old, and
exchanges from her bowels, composed
thread Worms. He says they came
a only by accident, but I may safely say
erately and in solid masses as hulls
posed entirely of dead worms
DIARRHŒA.—Many ladies and gentlemen
vermifuge to be a premarital care
numerous cases of Piles have been
use of this valuable Vermifuge
but the public have long desired a
which might be depended upon
physician is now offered to them
YNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philad
found who will say Experimental
Price 50 cents.
RU COUGH, SORE THROAT
use of the Bronchia or Windpipe, are the
mmon of the winter month. They are
rely annoying, but are the usual
to cause of those pulmonary affections
of life and terminate only
of their victims. In all those affections
inflammation of the fine skin which
throat and windpipe or a tenderness
dulum of the palate, which induces
make the rest of the tongue to the upper
hea or Windpipe, thereby creating
difficulty of breathing, and
laughing, and sometimes of blood
rfectly and effectually
EXPECTORANT AND
Price 50 cents per Bottle.
of persons are daily cured by these
who otherwise would probably
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sold at No. 20 South THIRD street
rice may always be had gratuitously
SWARTZ'S Carpet Manufactory
South Third street, next door to the
d, Philadelphia. Where fashionable
ve of different patterns, in the
Ingrain and Venetian Carpeting
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ly made Carpets, which he will sell
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ve accommodated to all parts of the
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ve endeavored to merit a share of
Footcloth, for Manufacturing Carpeting
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S FIXER No. 67 Chestnut street, Second
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suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers
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CHAMBERS & BENZ.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To the Purple Gentian.

BY MARY E. WEST.

Bright thing why blossomest thou alone when autumn nights are chill,
When all the gay and scented flowers are lying cold and still:
When o'er thee sweeps the scarlet leaf and sighs the mournful grass,
And wailing winds triumphantly above thy beauties pass!

The robin's cry is hence along, while spending far away
To brighter climes and sunny nooks, unknown to chill decay;
The falcon checks its mastery above the fading wood,
While calls the wild duck to his mate beside the rushing flood.

Why cannot thou, fair vestant arrayed in azure hue,
As the' had fallen from the sky on thee its softest blue;
When life is fading from the earth, when summer birds have gone,
And thou dost stand the queen of all, but o'er decay alone?

Why cannot thou not, when by the brook, the Aster's bloom is shed,
And o'er the field the yellow rod doth wave his golden head;
When from the north, the summer birds yet linger on their way,
To bless us with their melody the few short hours they stay?

No! no, thy look is brighter now, and cheeks upon the heart,
A ray of hope for hours to come, the merry once depart;
And thus in sorrow's darkest hour, religion's hope may cheer,
And say that heaven's smile may come, tho' darkness regneth here.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Indian Ambush.

Or, the Days of our Fathers.

BY ALFRED HASWELL.

PART I.

——— Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the rough st day."

It was near the close of a bright summer's day, and the inhabitants of a small hamlet,—consisting of perhaps twenty, of rude built, and squally rudely furnished cabins, composed, according to the frontier fashion of the day, of rough, unhewn logs, cut from the forests which covered the surrounding hills, were returning from their pastoral occupations, and the toils of the hunter's life, to their respective homes. In the centre of this infant settlement, stood, on a high grassy knoll, a huge circle of piles, or palisades, with loop-holes of sufficient magnitude to admit a man's hand, or sight a rifle; in the interior of this circle, a strong two storied building, rose several feet above the level of the palisades; and being built entirely of green timber, gave a security against the most dreaded of the implements used by the Savages in their barbarous and exterminating warfare—the brand. Seated on a log, and resting on their long, and unfailing rifles, were two men; beside them lay a noble stag, whose yet ringing skin bore evidence of a long and wearied chase by the hounds,—who, now that their task was over, couched a short distance from their victim, in the high grass and hazel bushes, which almost covered the spot.

The two individuals of whom we have spoken, were of different ages; the younger one had not, seemingly, passed that age, when the boy first verges into man's estate. A profusion of curling black hair hung down from beneath his skin-cap, and shaded his sun-burnt face; which bore a stamp of ingenuousness and courage, although, at the same time, a high flush of excitement seemed to add its influence in giving expression to the countenance of the youth. The other personage had long passed the summer of life,—and, apparently, had entered the last quarter of man's brief tenure of existence. His bleached and dented head bore testimony of the snows of many winters, and the ripenings of many summers. Like his younger companion, he wore a rough coloured skin-cap; his nether garments were composed of blue jean, made in the most primitive style, whilst from his shoulders fell a long Gournsey frock, gathered closely round the waist by a broad deer skin belt. In this belt was thrust a long hunting knife, which, with his rifle constituted his only weapons of defence. The two individuals, before alluded to, seemed wrapt up in their own feelings; at last, the old man, as if to interrupt the current of some unpleasant reflections, broke the silence of the meeting, although he rather appeared to speak to himself than to his companion.

"And so, boy, you go home to-morrow?"

"If cousin Mary, get her baggage packed up, and the weather suits," replied the youth.

"I don't think, Willie, you'll make your journey to-morrow; I don't like the looks of them Injun trails at the creek," said his companion.

"What Indian trails? I was at the creek this morning, and I saw none, Philip."

"Tisn't likely, boy,—'tisn't likely, you, who've been brought up in the towns of the East, should know an Injun trail; they don't leave a trail like your volunteer companions. No, no, boy; they have more wit, their step is as noiseless as the ripples of the brook."

"But even if there are Indians about, there has been no wars with them this year past; and there is no danger of a war party coming on the settlements now," said Willie.

"They are deceitful creatures at the best of times," replied the old man, whom his companion had addressed as Philip. "And although there has been no wars of late, yet there is no faith to be put in their friendship, or their treaties; when I was a young man, I well remember, while keeping at a settlement, the murdering creatures broke in, at the dead of night, and scalped every soul but myself and two others; and then set fire to the cabins. It was but the day before, they had concluded a treaty of peace, and smoked their pipe of peace, and buried the hatchet."

While the old man had been reciting this scene of his early life, a deeper shade of thought settled on his weather-worn features. He whistled, and one of the hounds bounded at his feet. Making a gesture to his companion, he threw his rifle over his shoulder, and taking hold of the hind quarters of the stag, the youth followed his example, and swinging it between them, they descended the hill toward the outlet of the village. They pressed onward till they came to a cabin of somewhat larger dimensions, and seemingly of better accommodation than the rest. Here they stopped, and, giving the venison to a colored man lounging at the door, they entered the house.

The occupants of the room, were a matronly dame, and a young girl who had evidently attained her sixteenth spring; her fair face lighted up with an expression of pleasure as the young man saluted her modestly blushing cheek, and addressed her by the familiar epithet of "Cos." On the evening repast was placed upon the humble board, and after a fervent blessing over the frugal meal, in silence they sat down to its discussion, with such appetites as health and the pure air of the country seldom fail to give to their possessors and enjoyers.

"And now, Mary," said the youth, as they rose from the table, "how do you progress in your preparations for our homeward journey?"

"Why, Cousin Willie, I have made up all my baggage, and am ready to go in the morning, if the weather is fair,—and Aunt will allow me," she added playfully.

"Nay, children," interposed the dame thus alluded to, "you know I would not say a word about your going, were it not such a distance and travelling so unsafe, that I fear it will be many a day ere you come to see us again."

"I know you would not," cried Mary, the warm tear filling her hazel eye. "I know you would not,—but father will be anxious to see us, and if we are not home on the day we promised, he will fear some misfortune has happened."

"You are right, girl," said Philip; "and the sooner such as you get home to the shelter of the bricks and stones of the cities, the better, for I fear me, there's going to be trouble on the frontier."

As the old man closed his observation, he took up his rifle, and whistling to his dog, he left the cabin, and directing his steps to the forest, was soon lost in the fast gathering shades of the evening. After his departure, the females of the family retired to their chamber, and Willie following the example of Philip, strolled out to bid a last adieu, to the rough, but kind inhabitants of the village. It may not be uninteresting, perhaps, to glance at the previous history of the parties mentioned in this sketch. Philip, a few years antecedent to the period, which we have chosen for our narrative, at a time when all the difficulties with the Indians seemed permanently settled, removed from his residence in the than province of York, to the new settlement, of which we have faintly endeavored to give an outline. He left in York a brother, to whom he had been much attached; and, who, in the early portion of their lives, had shared many a day's privation and adventure together. Philip had not married till late in life, and the consequence was, had no issue; his brother, however, had married early in life, and his wife dying soon after his marriage, left him a widower and a father. Mary, his only child, grew up in beauty and intelligence, outshining and outvieing all her juvenile associates and friends. At length, however, a yearning to see his brother and niece, induced Philip to send an express invitation to him, to come and spend a few weeks in the hot summer months at his home, near the head waters of the Schuylkill. His brother, unable to leave his business, consented to leave his idolized Mary, under the protection of her cousin Willie, visit her uncle. The two cousins set out on their journey, accompanied by an escort of a dozen men, accustomed to border warfare, and well armed; the journey though a long one, was performed in safety, and the third day saw them safely settled amid the green hills that surrounded their uncle Philip's residence. But to return to our narrative. Willie, on leaving the cabin, instead of proceeding, as was his first intention, to bid adieu to his friends in the village, directed his steps to that part of the forest where Philip had entered. He pursued a narrow, oft-deviating path, till he arrived within a few hundred feet of the brow of the hill, and then striking from the path, he walked on through the tangled briers and huckle berry bushes, till he arrived at a large flat piece of rock which protruded some height above the surface of the ground. This rock had been his favorite retreat since his residence with his uncle. Here, then, he seated himself; and laying his rifle by his side, he sank into a silent and grateful admiration of the works of the unknown and inscrutable hand of God! The moon had entered her second quarter, and the brightness of her rays enabled him vividly to distinguish the smallest object in the valley below him. For some distance down the precipitous and ragged sides of the hill, a bare space, with here and there a straggling laurel bush, extended, beyond which, it rose to a small mound, and then gradually declined to the river's edge. Not a sound was heard; not even rose upon the stillness of the night, the bark of the hunter's dogs in the village; and save the voice of the dying zephyr, as it whispered its mournful dirge through the foliage of the surrounding trees, the beholder might have fancied himself gazing on some well-painted and highly finished picture. So highly did the scene affect the feeling and untrammelled heart of the inexperienced and unworldly being who gazed on it, than more than once the warm tear rose in his eye, and fell down his ruddy cheek.

Whilst thus absorbed in the delightful emotions created by the varying and beautiful prospects which opened before him, a slight noise, as of a stone displaced above him, caused him to start from his recumbent posture and grasp his only companion—his rifle. He listened for a few moments, and gazed upwards in the direction whence the noise had seemed to proceed. Hearing nothing, and his eye detecting no cause for alarm, but supposing that a rabbit had tilted some nicely balanced stone in its course, and causing it to roll, he again laid himself down on the rock. While he thus lay, a second time he heard the noise, and endeavoring to spring up, a rough grasp on his throat held him firmly on his back, and the tall figure of an Indian, with his tomahawk raised in his hand to strike. It was but the work of a moment, to draw his knife, and struggle to free himself from the hold of his savage and unexpected antagonist: but in vain; a gripe, as of a vice, held his throat, straining at each moment to suffocate him. The savage gave a low guttural laugh.

"Red man no hurt bruder white man," muttered the Indian,—his aspect, however, indicating anything but a peaceful determination.

Whatever might have been his intentions respecting his prisoner, they were speedily frustrated by a heavy blow from the butt end of Philip's rifle, which fell with crushing violence on the Indian's head, and prostrated him to the earth.—Willie sprang to his feet, and raising his ready drawn knife, plunged it into the fallen savage's breast.

"The devil take your ugly fingers," he said, as soon as he was able to give his words utterance; "I have been almost choked by the red skins."

"Ha! ha! ha! he understood how to trap a fox, but not to keep him," said Philip.

"But how did you discover me, and how came you so providentially to my rescue?"

"The red skin followed you up from the edge of the trees, below; and knowing that you were likely to come to this rock, I crossed further down than you did, and thus arrived before either you or the Indian. He followed you closely, and once or twice he moved a stone whilst creeping through the bushes"—

"I heard a noise as of a stone displaced several times, but did not heed it," interrupted Willie.

"Well, well, boy; he'll never take another scalp. But this is no place for his carcass;" and dragging the stiffened body no lately breathing and full of activity, to a small cavity, when throwing it in, they hastily piled a quantity of loose stones on the body, and returned to the scene of the late tragedy.

On ascending to the spot where the scene we have just narrated occurred, Philip's eye was attracted by something moving on the still waters beneath them. After a few moments attention to the object, which slowly and silently moved on the pellucid stream, it, with the swiftness of an arrow, shot into one of the darkest spots on the river's edge, and was lost to the eye.

"There go the devils," said the woodsman, as another and another followed in rapid succession. "I take it there'll be a kick up in the settlements before this moon lights many more nights. But we must back to the village, and set a watch, or they'll be likely to surprise us." And, turning on his heel, with rapid steps he descended the hill in the direction of the village. A few minutes brought them to the little belt of wood that here half encircled the hill side; here pausing for a few moments, the old man listened intently to catch the slightest sound, but nothing was heard that indicated a pursuit. Motioning to his companion to follow, he walked swiftly through the open, moonlit glade, and entered the cabin. Having assured himself that all was secure within, he bade the young man keep watch whilst he alarmed some of the inmates of the neighboring cabins. Proceeding cautiously along under the shade of the pines and surrounding vegetation, he had nearly arrived at the door of the next cabin to his own, when a distant yell broke on his ear, with a startling and blood-chilling effect. Involuntarily the cautious, yet surprised woodsman, laid his hand on his hunting knife, and muttering to himself, while a smile of pleasure lit up his wrinkled countenance.

"Ah! the red devils have found the body of their scout, they'll not stir to-night that's certain, but yet it's as well to keep an eye upon them."

As he finished, he raised himself up behind a tree, which grew in close proximity to the cabin door, and gently striking it with his rifle breech, it was speedily thrown open, and he hastily entered. In few words his errand was told: and the hardy foresters speedily took such precautions as would be most likely to insure the safety of the village. Whatever their plans were it is scarcely necessary to give them here. Suffice it, that as old Philip had said, the Indians disturbed not the peaceful slumbers of the hamlet during the night.

PART II.

"I am pursued, and all the parts are stopp'd, too;
Not any hope to escape, behind, before me.
On either side I am beset."—*Old Play.*

The morning, like that of the previous day, opened in unclouded beauty and freshness. The grass, from the copious and nourishing dews of the night, gleamed and scintillated in the beams of the newly risen king of day; and the light, songe warblers of the grove straining their untouched voices in pleasing and emulative melody, rendered the beautiful and sublime landscape as lovely to the ear as to the sight!

In front of the cabin of Philip, of which we have before spoken, and hitched to a fence which separated a small enclosure, used as a garden for culinary purposes, from the half-worn road which wound up the side of the hill, and here spread out into a small plain—on this plain, and in front of the cabin of Philip—stood a dozen of horses, equipped and ready for a journey; one of which, a stout, but yet beautifully formed palfrey, and dressed of the gaudy fringes which profusely garnished the saddle, and so large in bulk, that it both screened them from the sight of the enemy, and prevented them from being out flanked.—Springing to his feet, he looked up the acclivity, and the sight which there met his gaze wrung the youth's heart with agony. Within the distance of fifty yards, lay the bodies of four of his company. With the exception of them not a soul was to be seen; and had it not been for the thin blue vapour which hung sluggishly under the lower branches of the stately forest trees, and the report of the rifles, the beholder could scarcely have divined the nature of this sudden interruption to so peaceful a scene,—an interruption destined to break off, forever, the earthly happiness of two beings, who, but a moment before, had raised the chalice of love to their unsuspecting and guileless lips! Happiness,—*life!*—thou art, indeed the sunbeam on the wave! the momentary fragrance of the fragile flower—and yet clung to with all the fervor of youth and hope!

While examining the state of affairs, and devising means for joining the remainder of the men, who had taken possession of a piece of ground, very thickly studded with laurel bushes, and covered with high grass, Willie incautiously exposed his figure, and instantly he became the mark of a half dozen savages, whose unerring aim quickly planted as many bullets in the bark, within an inch of his head. He turned to the other side, and whilst there watching, he perceived the grass wave gently, and the form of an Indian move slowly in the direction of his station. It was but the work of a moment to aim his rifle, and to fire. A suppressed yell of anguish burst from the savage; and falling on his side, Willie could behold the convulsive workings of his countenance, as the soul flew back to its Maker. An Indian sprang to his feet, followed by two others, and made direct for the tree. They were within a few feet of the coveted spot, when a discharge from the rifles of his friends brought two of them to the ground, dead; the third, unhurt, with tomahawk in hand, gained the shelter of the tree. To evade the blow and grapple with his antagonist was the first impulse, but a faint shriek behind him from Mary, who had fallen insensible at the first onset, and at that moment began to recover,—he turned, and the sight which he beheld paralyzed his faculties. Mary, at the moment the Indian threw his tomahawk, was slowly reviving, and as she raised her head, it struck her forcibly on the neck and inflicted a deep wound,—severing at the same time one of the principal arteries. When Willie turned to learn the cause of that cry he saw her bathed in blood! His foe, taking advantage of his consternation, would speedily have had his scalp hanging at his girdle, had not a ball struck him on his arm, as he raised it to strike, and shattered the bone. Recovering, he drew his own knife; and the warrior perceiving that all hope had fled, firmly grasped him with his uninjured arm and dragged him toward the river's brink, within a few feet of which the struggle had taken place. Thrusting his knife into the Indian's side, he endeavored to free himself from the fiend's grasp, but it was not till the blade had thrice pierced his heart, that his sinewy hold slackened. They were at the edge of the river: another step—another struggle—would plunged them both into eternity. Quick as thought, he drew his faithful knife athwart the tendons of his arm, and springing back, the tall figure of the savage towered to its full height, then, with a convulsive sob, fell into the swift current below! While this scene was being enacted, the hidden combatants had suspended their firing as if by mutual consent, but no sooner did the Indians witness the fate of their companion, than a volley was immediately discharged at the unsheltered and exhausted victor—a sharp, burning thrill passed through his frame, and he fell beside the corpse of his betrothed!

* * * * * *

The sun had sunk behind the western hills, and their deep shadows spread a gloom over the battle field, like a funeral pall,—the river, too, lost its monotonous hum, and gave a still more impressive feeling to the scene!

A group of them stood around an object, which seemed to engross their deepest attention—it was a fellow creature dying! Pillowed on the bosom of old Philip, lay the gallant youth, who, when the sun rose, was the most contented and one of the happiest of his species—who, at the meridian of the day, because one wish of his heart had been gratified, fancied himself the most happy of his kind,—now lay, gasping for the vital sustenance of his existence! Yet even then, when about to appear before his Creator, and to render an account of his brief existence,—yes, even then, he was happy in the conviction of being speedily united to that beloved one, in the realms of eternal bliss!

"And then, dear Mary," he murmured, while his glazing eye settled into vacancy "wilt speedily meet with me again, never to feel the sting of parting more. Let us be buried beneath yon tree. It has been the altar of our happiness,—let it be our grave! Tell my mother I thought of her and home when I—I—"

His voice subsided into a low murmur, and once again breathing the name of his beloved, his soul took the "wings of the dove," and fled beyond the transient happiness of this life!

For some moments a spell hung over the group which surrounded the inanimate forms of the lovers; when Philip gently laying his body beside that of Mary, drew his rough hand across his eyes:

"There lies as gallant a youth as ever shot a deer, aye—and as pretty a lass as ever filled a boy's heart. Well, well, this is a sad day's work for them as call them babies;" and stooping, he cut from the youth's head a handful of hair, and doing the same to Mary, he added "there, let the dust to the dust; but these locks will be poor consolation to them that owns them."

Speedily a grave was dug, and side by side the youthful pair were laid,—the broad branches of the tree still protects their rude grave from the summer's hot sun, and the winter's keen winds!

On the party leaving the village in the morning, Philip, filled with dismal apprehension for the safety of his relatives, had taken his rifle and followed on the trail for some distance, and had discovered that a party of Indians were dogging them. Instantly returning to the village, he collected a number of the men, and mounting their horses, pushed on after his friends. He arrived too late to be of service in saving them all, but the lives of four or five he rescued from the uplifted tomahawk and knives of the enemy, and drove them with much loss from the ground. After concluding their last, and melancholy duties to their deceased friends, the hunters silently and cautiously returned to the village.

From a late English paper.

The Tree.

BY REV. W. F. FARRE.

There is a bay all still and lone,
And in the shade one broad gray stone,
Where at the evening hour
The sun upon the water weaves
Motions of light, among the leaves
Of a lone hanging bower.

And one old sycamore, that dips
Into the stream its dark green tips,
And drinks all day and night;
And, opposite, the mountain high
Doth intercept the deep blue sky,
And shuts it out from sight.

Last year it was my haunted seat,
And every evening did I meet
A grave and solemn wren.
He sate, and never spoke a word,
A holy and religious bird
He seemed unto me then.

I thought, perchance, that sin and strife
Might in a winged creature's life
He somehow strangely beset
So hermit-like he lived apart,
And might be in his little heart,
A woodland penitent.

Deceitful thing! into the brook,
Hour after hour, a steadfast look
From off his perch was cast:
And yet I thought his eyes too bright—
Too happy for an anchorite,
On lonely penance bent.

Ah, yes! for long his nest hath been
Behind you alder's leafy screen,
By Rothey's shining waters
Two rapid years are run, and now
This monk hath peopled every bough
With little sons and daughters.

I will not blame thee, Friar Wren—
Because among most hearted men
Some truant monks there be;
And, if you could their names collect,
I rather more than half suspect
That I should not be free.

Dreamlike! I dreamed of cloistered cells,
Of gloomy courts and matin bells,
And painted windows rare
But common life's less regal gleams
Whose warm sun my sombre dreams
And melted them to air.

My captive heart is altered now;
And, had I but one little bough
Of thy green alder tree,
I would not live too long alone,
Or languish there for want of one
To share the nest with me.

Ancient English Poetry.

Long ere Chaucer and his brother bards made song an ark, long ere Spencer wooed the classic Nine from Parnassus hill to English ground, the true and homeborn Muse dwelt amid the woods and hills of the North. The groves owned no Grecian gods, but the weird tradition of an old and fearful worship hung over them, now pierced by the softening light of the Christian faith. The oak where grew the mistletoe, which the Druid cut with his golden knife as a hallowed gift, was more awful than the speaking tree of Dodona.—The British bard was the brother of the priest.—That song is dead long ago, and is heard no more in England, though faint echoes of the voice of Taliesin yet linger among the hills of Wales.—Yet who shall say how much of the spirit of that oldest poesy has passed from its first body to animate the poesy even of to-day.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

Mr. Richard not receiving his remarks with any thing like enthusiasm, his employer turned his eyes to his face, and observed that it wore a troubled expression.

"You're out of spirits, sir," said Brass. "Mr. Richard, sir, we should fall to work cheerfully, and not in a desponding state. It becomes us, Mr. Richard, sir, to——"

Here the chaste Sarah heaved a loud sigh.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Sampson, "you too! Is any thing the matter? Mr. Richard, sir——"

Dick, glancing at Miss Sally, saw that she was making signals to him, to acquaint her brother with the subject of their recent conversation. As his own position was not a very pleasant one until the matter was set at rest one way or other, he did so; and Miss Brass, plying her snuff-box at a most wasteful rate, corroborated his account.

The countenance of Sampson fell, and anxiety overspread his features. Instead of passionately bewailing the loss of his money, as Miss Sally had expected, he walked on tiptoe to the door, opened it, looked outside, shut it softly, returned on tiptoe, and said in a whisper,

"This is a most extraordinary and painful circumstance—Mr. Richard, sir, a most painful circumstance. The fact is, that I myself have missed several small sums from the desk of late, and have refrained from mentioning it, hoping that accident would discover the offender; but it has not done so—it has not done so. Sally—Mr. Richard, sir—this is a particularly distressing affair!"

As Sampson spoke, he laid the bank-note upon the desk among some papers, in an absent manner, and thrust his hands into his pockets. Richard Swiveller pointed to it, and admonished him to take it up.

"No, Mr. Richard, sir," rejoined Brass with emotion, "I will not take it up. I will let it lie there. To take that up, Mr. Richard sir, would imply a doubt of you; and in you, sir, I have unlimited confidence. We will let it lie there, sir, if you please, and we will not take it up by any means." With that, Mr. Brass patted him twice or thrice upon the shoulder, in a most friendly manner, and entreated him to believe that he had as much faith in his honesty as he had in his own.

Although at another time Mr. Swiveller might have looked upon this as a doubtful compliment, he felt it, under the then-existing circumstances, a great relief to be assured that he was not wrongfully suspected. When he had made a suitable reply, Mr. Brass wrung him by the hand, and fell into a brown study, as did Miss Sally likewise. Richard, too, remained in a thoughtful state; fearing every moment to hear the Marchioness impeached, and unable to resist the conviction that she must be guilty.

When they had severally remained in this condition for some minutes, Miss Sally all at once gave a loud rap upon the desk with her clenched fist, and cried, "I've hit it!"—as indeed she had, and chipped a piece out of it too; but that was not her meaning.

"Well," cried Brass anxiously. "Go on, will you!"

"Why," replied his sister with an air of triumph, "hasn't there been somebody always coming in and out of this office for the last three or four weeks; hasn't that somebody been left alone in it sometimes—thanks to you; and do you mean to tell me that that somebody isn't the thief!"

"What somebody?" blustered Brass.

"Why, what do you call him—Kit?"

"Mr. Garland's young man?"

"To be sure."

"Never!" cried Brass. "Never. I'd not hear of it. Don't tell me"—said Sampson, shaking his head, and working with both his hands as if he were clearing away ten thousand cobwebs. "I'll never believe it of him. Never."

"I say," repeated Miss Brass, taking another pinch of snuff, "that he's the thief."

"I say," returned Sampson violently, "that he is not. What do you mean? How dare you! Are characters to be whispered away like this? Do you know that he's the honestest and faithfulest fellow that ever lived, and that he has an irreproachable good name? Come in, come in."

These last words were not addressed to Miss Sally, though they partook of the tone in which the indignant remonstrances that preceded them had been uttered. They were addressed to some person who had knocked at the office-door; and they had hardly passed the lips of Mr. Brass, when this very Kit himself looked in.

"Is the gentleman up stairs sir, if you please?"

"Yes, Kit," said Brass, still fired with an honest indignation, and frowning with knotted brows upon his sister; "Yes Kit, he is. I am glad to see you Kit, I am rejoiced to see you. Look in again as you come down-stairs, Kit. *That* had a robber!" cried Brass when he had withdrawn, "with that frank and open countenance. I'd trust him with untold gold. Mr. Richard sir, have the goodness to step directly to Wrasp and Co.'s in Broad Street, and inquire if they have had instructions to appear in Cathem and Painter. *That* had a robber," sneered Sampson, flushed and heated with his wrath. "Am I blind, deaf, silly? do I know nothing of human nature when I see it before me? Kit a robber! Bah!"

Flinging this final interjection at Miss Sally with immeasurable scorn and contempt, Sampson Brass thrust his head into his desk as if to shut the base world from his view, and breathed defiance from under its half closed lid.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

When Kit having, discharged his errand, came down-stairs from the single gentleman's apartment after the lapse of a quarter of an hour or so, Mr. Sampson Brass was alone in the office. He was not singing so metal, nor was he seated at his desk. The open door showed him standing before the fire with his back towards it, and looking so very strange that Kit supposed he must have been suddenly taken ill.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" said Kit.

"Matter!" cried Brass. "No. Why anything the matter?"

"You are so very pale," said Kit, "that I should hardly have known you."

"Push pesh! more fancy," cried Brass, stooping to throw up the cinders. "Never better, Kit, never better in all my life. Merry too. Ha ha! How's our friend above-stairs, eh?"

"A great deal better," said Kit.

"I'm glad to hear it," rejoined Brass; "thankful, I may say. An excellent gentleman—worthy, liberal, generous, gives very little trouble—an admirable lodger. Ha ha! Mr. Garland—he's well I hope, Kit—and the pony—my friend, my particular friend you know. Ha ha!"

Kit gave a satisfactory account of all the little household at Abel Cottage. Mr. Brass, who seemed remarkably inattentive and impatient, mounted on his stool, and beckoning him to come nearer, took him by the button hole.

"I have been thinking, Kit," said the lawyer, "that I could throw some little emoluments into your mother's way—You have a mother, I think? If I recollect right, you told me—"

"Oh yes sir, yes certainly."

"A widow I think? an industrious widow?"

"A harder-working woman or a better mother, never lived, sir."

"Ah!" cried Brass. "That's affecting, truly affecting. A poor widow struggling to maintain her orphans in decency and comfort, is a delicious picture of human goodness. Put down your hat, Kit."

"Thank you sir, I must be going directly."

"Put it down while you may, at any rate," said Brass, taking it from him and making some confusion among the papers, in finding a place for it on the desk. "I was thinking, Kit, that we have often houses to let for people we are concerned for, and matters of that sort. Now you know we're obliged to put people into those houses to take care of 'em—very often undeserving people that we can't depend upon. What's to prevent our having a person that we can depend upon, and enjoying the delight of doing a good action at the same time? I say, what's to prevent our employing this worthy woman, your mother? What with one job and another, there's lodging—and good lodging too—pretty well all the year round, rent free, and a weekly allowance besides. Kit, that would provide them with a great many comforts they don't at present enjoy. Now what do you think of that? Do you see any objection? My only desire is to serve you, Kit; therefore if you do, say so freely."

As Brass spoke, he signed the hat twice or thrice, and shuffled among the papers again, as if in search of something.

"How can I see any objection to such a kind offer sir?" replied Kit with his whole heart. "I don't know how to thank you sir, I don't, indeed."

"Why then," said Brass, suddenly turning upon him and thrusting his face close to Kit's with such a repulsive smile that the latter, even in the very height of his gratitude, drew back quite startled. "Why then, it's done."

Kit looked at him in some confusion.

"Done, I say"—added Sampson, rubbing his hands and veiling himself again in his usual city manner. "Ha ha! and so you shall find Kit, so you shall find. But dear me" said Brass, "what a time Mr. Richard is gone! A sad loiterer to be sure! Will you mind the office one minute while I run up stairs? Only one minute. I'll not detain you an instant longer, on any account, Kit."

Talking as he went, Mr. Brass bustled out of the office, and in a very short time returned. Mr. Swiveller came back almost at the same instant; and as Kit was leaving the room hastily to make up for lost time, Miss Brass herself encountered him in the doorway.

"Oh!" snorted Sally, looking after him as she entered. "There goes your pet, Sammy, oh!"

"Ah! There he goes," replied Brass. "My pet, if you please. An honest fellow, Mr. Richard sir—a worthy fellow, indeed!"

"Hem!" coughed Miss Brass.

"I tell you, you aggravating vagabond" said the angry Sampson, "that I'd stake my life upon his honesty. Am I never to hear the last of this? Am I always to be baited, and beset, by your mean suspicions? Have you no regard for true merit, you malignant fellow? If you come to that, I'd sooner suspect your honesty than his."

Miss Sally pulled out the tin snuff-box, and took a long, slow pinch, regarding her brother with a steady gaze all the time.

"She drives me wild, Mr. Richard, sir

interrupted the constable, holding Kit (whom his other captors had released) securely by the arm, a little above the elbow. "It no good as used for one, will you?"

"But hear me speak a word," cried Kit, raising his eyes and looking imploringly about him, "Hear me speak a word. I am no more guilty than any one of you. Upon my soul I am not. I, a thief! Oh, Mr. Brass, you know me better. I am sure you know me better. This is not right of you, indeed."

"I give you my word, constable—" said Brass. But here the constable interposed with the constitutional principle "words be blowed;" observing that words were but spoon-meat for babes and sucklings, and that oaths were the food for strong men.

"Quite true, constable," assented Brass in the same mournful tone. "Strictly correct. I give you my oath, constable, that down to a few minutes ago, when this fatal discovery was made, I had such confidence in that lad, that I'd have trusted him with—a hackney-coach, Mr. Richard, sir; you've very slow, sir."

"Who is there that knows me," cried Kit, "that would not trust me—that does not? ask anybody whether they have ever doubted me; whether I have ever wronged them of a farthing. Was I ever once dishonest when I was poor and hungry, and is it likely I would begin now! Oh consider what you do. How can I meet the kindest friends that ever human creature had, with this dreadful charge upon me?"

Mr. Brass rejoiced that it would have been well for the prisoner if he had thought of that before, and was about to make some other gloomy observations, when the voice of the single gentleman was heard demanding from the first-stair what was the matter, and what was the cause of all that noise and hurry. Kit made an involuntary start towards the door in his anxiety to answer for himself, but being speedily detained by the constable, had the agony of seeing Sampson Brass run out alone to tell the story in his own way.

"And he can hardly believe it, either," said Sampson, when he returned, "nor nobody will. I should think I could doubt the evidence of my senses, but their depositions are unimpeachable. It's of no use cross-examining my eyes," cried Sampson, winking and rubbing them, "they stick to their first account, and well. Now, Sarah, I hear the coach in the Market; get on your bonnet, and we'll be off. A sad errand! a moral funeral, quite!"

"Mr. Brass," said Kit, "do me one favor. Take me to Mr. Witherden's first."

Sampson shook his head irresolutely.

"Do," said Kit. "My master's there. For heaven's sake, take me there first.

"Well, I don't know," stammered Brass, who perhaps had his reasons for wishing to show as far as possible in the eyes of the notary, "How do we stand in point of time, constable, eh?"

The constable, who had been chewing a straw all this while with great philosophy, replied that if they went away at once they would have time enough, but that if they stood chilly-shaking there any longer they must go straight to the Mansion House; and finally expressed his opinion that that was where it was, and that was all about it.

Mr. Richard Swiveller having arrived inside the coach, and still remaining immovable in the most comfortable corner with his face to the horses, Mr. Brass instructed the officer to remove his prisoner, and declined himself quite ready. Therefore the constable, still holding Kit in the same manner, and pushing him on a little before him, so as to keep him at almost three-quarters of an arm's length in advance (which is the professional mode,) thrust him into the vehicle and followed himself. Miss Sally entered next; and there being now four inside, Sampson Brass got upon the box, and made the coachman drive on.

Still completely stunned by the sudden and terrible change which had taken place in his affairs, Kit sat gazing out of the coach-window, almost hoping to see some monstrous phenomenon in the streets, which might give him reason to believe he was in a dream. Alas! Everything was too real and familiar; the same succession of turnings, the same houses, the same streams of people running side by side in different directions upon the pavement, the same bustle of carts and carriages in the road, the same well-remembered objects in the shops; everything; a regularity in the very noise and hurry which no dream ever mirrored. Dream-like as the story was, it was true. He stood charged with robbery; the note had been found upon him, though he was innocent in thought and deed; and they were carrying him back, a prisoner.

Absorbed in these painful ruminations, thinking with a drooping heart of his mother and little Jacob, feeling as though even the consciousness of innocence would be insufficient to support him in the presence of his friends if they believed him guilty, and sinking in hope and courage more and more as they drew nearer to the notary's, poor Kit was looking earnestly out of the window, observant of nothing,—when all at once, as though it had been conjured up by magic, he became aware of the face of Quilp.

And what a leer there was upon the face! It was from the open window of a tavern that it looked out; and the dwarf had so spread himself over it, with his elbows on the window-sill and his head resting on both his hands, that what between the attitude and his hideous smile with suppressed laughter, he looked puffed and bloated into twice his usual breadth. M. Brass on recognizing him immediately stopped the coach. As it came to a halt directly opposite to where he stood, the dwarf pulled off his hat, and saluted the party with a hideous and grotesque pollite.

"Aha!" he cried, "where now, Brass? where now? Sally with you, too? Sweet Sally! And Dick? Pleasant Dick! And Kit? Honest Kit!" "He's extremely cheerful!" said Brass to the coachman. "Very much so! Ah, sir—a sad business! Never believe in honesty any more, sir."

"Why not?" returned the dwarf. "Why not, you regue of a lawyer, why not?"

"Bank-note lost in our office, sir," said Brass, shaking his head. "Found in his hat, sir—he was viously left alone there—no mistake at all, sir—chain of evidence complete—not a link wanting."

"What!" cried the dwarf, leaning half his body out of the window, "Kit a thief! Kit a thief! Ha, ha! Why, he's an uglier-looking thief than can be seen anywhere for a penny. Eh, Kit—eh? Ha, ha, ha! Have you taken Kit into custody before he had time and opportunity to beat me? Eh, Kit, eh?" And with that he burst into a yell of laughter, manifestly to the great terror of the coachman, and pointed to a dyer's pole hard by, where a dangling suit of clothes bore some resemblance to a man upon a gibbet.

"Is it coming to that, Kit?" cried the dwarf, rubbing his hands violently. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! What a disappointment for little Jacob, and for his darling mother! Let him have the Bethel minister to comfort and console him, Brass. Eh, Kit, eh! Drive on, coachby, drive on. Bye, bye, Kit; all good go with you; keep up your spirits; my love to the Garlands—the dear old lady and gentleman. Say I inquired after 'em, will you? Blessings on 'em, and on you, and on everybody, Kit. Blessings on all the world!"

With such good wishes and farewells, poured out in a rapid torrent until they were out of hearing, Quilp suffered them to depart; and when he could see the coach no longer, drew in his head, and rolled upon the ground in an ecstacy of enjoyment.

When they reached the notary's which they were not long in doing, for they had encountered the dwarf in a bye street at a very little distance from the house, Mr. Brass dismounted; and opening the coach door with a melancholy visage, requested his sister to accompany him into the office, with the view of preparing the good people within for the mournful intelligence that awaited them. Miss Sally complying, he descended Mr. Swiveller to accompany them. So, into the office they went; Mr. Sampson and his sister arm-in-arm; and Mr. Swiveller following alone.

The notary was standing before the fire in the outer office, talking to Mr. Abel and the elder Mr. Garland, while Mr. Chuckster sat writing at the desk, picking up such crumbs of their conversation as happened to fall in his way. The posture of affairs Mr. Brass observed through the glass-door as he was turning the handle, and seeing that the notary recognized him, he began to shake his head and sigh deeply while that partition yet divided them.

"Sir," said Sampson, taking off his hat, and kissing the two forefingers of his right hand beaver glove, "my name is Brass—Brass of Bevis Marks, sir. I have had the honor and pleasure, sir, of being concerned against you in some little testamentary matters. How do you do, sir?"

"My Clerk will attend to any business you may have come upon, Mr. Brass," said the notary, turning away.

"Thank you, sir," said Brass, "thank you. I am sure. Allow me, sir, to introduce my sister—quite one of us, sir, although of the weaker sex—of great use in my business, sir, I assure you. Mr. Richard, sir, have the goodness to come forward, if you please—No, really," said Brass, stepping between the notary and his private office (toward which he had begun to retreat,) and speaking in the tone of an injured man, "really, sir, I must request a little favor, request a word or two with you, indeed."

"Mr. Brass," said the other, in a decided tone, "I am engaged. You see that I am occupied with these gentlemen. If you will communicate your business to Mr. Chuckster, yonder, you will receive every attention."

"Gentlemen," said Brass, laying his right hand on his waistcoat, and looking toward the father and son with a smooth smile—"Gentlemen, I appeal to you—really, gentlemen—consider, I beg of you. I am of the law. I am styled 'gentleman' by Act of Parliament. I maintain the title by the annual payment of thirteen pound ten shillings for a certificate. I am not one of your players of music, stage actors, writers of books, or painters of pictures, who assume a station that the laws of their country don't recognize. I am not one of your clerkes or vagrants. If my own beings his action against me, he must describe me as a gentleman, or his action is null and void. I appeal to you—is this quite respectful? Really, gentlemen—"

"Well, will you have the goodness to state your business, then, Mr. Brass," said the notary.

"Sir," rejoined Brass, "I will. Ah, Mr. Witherden! you little know the—but I will not be tempted to travel from the point, sir. I believe the name of one of these gentlemen is Garland."

"Of both," said the notary.

"Indeed!" rejoined Brass, cringing excessively. "But I might have known that from the uncommon likeness. Extremely happy, I am sure, to have the honor of an introduction to two such gentlemen, although the occasion is a most painful one. One of you gentlemen has a servant called Kit?"

"Both," replied the notary.

"Two Kits!" said Brass, smiling. "Dear me!"

"One Kit, sir," returned Mr. Witherden, sagely, "who is employed by both gentlemen. What of him?"

"This of him, sir," rejoined Brass, dropping his voice impressively. "That young man, sir, that I have full unbounded and unlimited confidence in, and always behaved to as if he was my equal—that young man has this morning committed a robbery in my office, and been taken almost in the fact."

"This must be some falsehood!" cried the notary.

"It is not possible," said Mr. Abel.

"I'll not believe one word of it!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

Mr. Brass looked mildly round upon them, and rejoined—

"Mr. Witherden, sir, your words are actionable, and if I was a man of low and mean standing, who couldn't afford to be slandered, I should proceed for damages.—Hears'over, sir, being what I am, I merely scorn such expressions. The honest warmth of the other gentleman I respect, and I'm truly sorry to be the messenger of such unpleasant news. I shouldn't have put myself in this painful position, I assure you, but that the lad himself desired to be brought here in the first instance, and I yielded to his prayers. Mr. Chuckster, sir, will you have the goodness to tap at the window for the constable that's waiting in the coach?"

The three gentlemen looked at each other with blank faces when these words were uttered; and Mr. Chuckster, doing as he was desired, and leaping off his stool with something of the excitement of an inspired prophet whose forebodings had in the fulness of time been realized, held the door open for the entrance of the wretched captive.

Such a scene as there was when Kit came in and bursting into the sure rude eloquence with which truth at length inspired him, called heaven to witness that he was innocent, and that how the property came to be found upon him he knew not! Such a confusion of tongues, before the circumstances were related, and the proofs disclosed! Such a dead silence when all was told, and his three friends exchanged looks of doubt and amazement!

"Is it not possible," said Mr. Witherden, after a long pause, "that this note may have found its way into the hat by some mischance, and as the removal of papers on the desk, for instance?"

But this was clearly shown to be quite impossible. Mr. Swiveller, though an unwilling witness, could not help proving to demonstration, from the position in which it was found, that it must have been designedly secreted.

"It's very distressing," said Brass, "immensely distressing, I am sure. When he comes to be tried, I shall be very happy to recommend him to mercy on account of his previous good character. I did lose money, before, certainly, but it doesn't quite follow that he took it. The presumption's against him—strongly against him—but we're Christians, I hope!"

"I suppose," said the constable, looking round, "that no gentleman here can give evidence as to whether he's been flush of money of late. Do you happen to know, sir?"

"He has had money from time to time, certainly," returned Mr. Garland, to whom the man had put the question. "But that, as he always told me, was given him by Mr. Brass himself."

"Yes, to be sure," said Kit, eagerly. "You can bear me out in that, sir?"

"Eh?" cried Brass, looking from face to face with an expression of stupid amazement.

"The money, you know—the half-crowns, that you gave me—from the fudge," said Kit.

"Oh dear me!" cried Brass shaking his head and frowning heavily. "This is a bad case, I find; a very bad case indeed."

"What, did you give him no money on account of anybody, sir?" asked Mr. Garland, with great anxiety.

"I give him money, sir?" returned Sampson. "Oh, come, you know this is too barefaced. Constable, my good fellow, we had better be going."

"What?" shrieked Kit. "Does he deny that he did? ask him, sir, ask him, pray. Ask him to tell you whether he did or not."

"Did you, sir?" asked the notary.

"I tell you what, gentlemen," replied Brass, in a very grave manner, "he'll not serve his case this way, and really, if you feel any interest in him, you had better advise him to go upon some other tack. Did I, sir? Of course I never did."

"Gentlemen," cried Kit, on whom a light broke suddenly, "Master, Mr. Abel, Mr. Witherden, every one of you—he did it! What I have done to offend him, I don't know, but this was a trick to ruin me. Mind gentlemen, it's a plot, and whatever comes of it, I will say with my dying breath, that he put that note in my hat himself. Look at him, gentlemen. See how he changes color. Which of us looks the guilty person—he, or I?"

"You hear him, gentlemen?" said Brass, smiling, "you hear him. Now, does this case strike you as seeming rather a black complexion, or does it not? Is it at all a treacherous case, do you think, or is it one of mere ordinary guilt? Perhaps, gentlemen, if he had not said this in your presence and I had reported it, you'd have held this to be impossible likewise, eh?"

With such pacific and bantering remarks did Mr. Brass refute the foul aspersion on his character; but the virtuous Sarah, moved by stronger feelings, and having at heart, perhaps a more jealous regard for the honor of her family, flew from her brother's side without any previous intimation of her design, and darted at the prisoner with the utmost fury. It would undoubtedly have gone hard with Kit's face, but that the wary constable, foreseeing her design, drew him aside at the critical moment, and thus placed Mr. Chuckster in circumstances of some jeopardy; for that gentleman happening to be next the object of Miss Brass's wrath, and rage being like love and fortune, blind, was pounced upon by the fair enslaver, and had a false collar plucked up by the roots, and his hair very much disheveilled, before the exertions of the company could make her sensible of her mistake.

The constable, taking warning by this desperate attack, and thinking perhaps that it would be more satisfactory to the ends of justice if the prisoner was taken before a magistrate, whole rather than in small pieces, led him back to the hackney-coach without more ado, and further insisted on Miss Brass becoming an outside passenger; to which proposal the charming creature, after a little angry discussion, yielded her consent; and on took her brother Sampson's place upon the box, Mr. Brass with some reluctance agreeing to occupy her own inside. These arrangements perfected, they drove to the justice-room with all speed, followed by the notary and his two friends in another coach. Mr. Chuckster alone was left behind—greatly to his indignation, for he held the evidence he could have given, relative to Kit's returning to work out the shilling, to be as very material as bearing upon his hypocritical and designing character, that he considered its suppression little better than a compounder of felony.

At the justice-room they found the single gentleman, who had gone straight there, and was expecting them with desperate impatience. But not fifty single gentlemen rolled into one could have helped poor Kit, who in half an hour afterward was committed for trial, and was assured by a friendly officer on his way to prison that there was no occasion to be cast down, for the sessions would soon be on, and he would in all likelihood get his little affair disposed of, and be comfortably transported in less than a fortnight.

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FIRST.

Let moralists and philosophers say what they may, it is very questionable whether a guilty man would have felt half so much misery that night, as Kit did, being innocent. The world, being in the constant commission of vast quantities of injustice, is a little too apt to comfort itself with the idea that if the victim of its falsehood and malice have a clear conscience, he cannot fail to be sustained under his trials, and somehow or other to come right at last; "in which case" say they who have hunted him down, "though we certainly don't expect it—nobody will be better pleased than we. Whereon, the world would do well to reflect, that injustice is in itself, to every generous and properly constituted mind, an injury, of all others the most incufferable, the most torturing, and the most hard to bear; and that many clear consciences have gone to their account elsewhere, and many sound hearts have broken, because of this very reason; the knowledge of their own deserts only aggravating their sufferings, and rendering them the less endurable.

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PROPRIETED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1841.

☞ REMOVAL.—The Office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

FAIR OFFERS.

As we intend to keep the front rank, in both periodical literature and periodical embellishments, we offer the following liberal proposals for 1841. Those who wish to commence the year with us, should let us know at once.

For $5 in ADVANCE free of Postage, we will forward the Saturday Evening Post THREE YEARS to one subscriber, or to THREE SUBSCRIBERS, for one yea.

For $6 we will forward TWO copies of the Post and ONE copy of Graham's Magazine, a three dollar monthly periodical, BRITTEN'S ORIGINAL in its literature, and splendidly embellished with original REDJOTINTO ENGRAVING'S on steel, and colored FASHION'S MONTHLY.

For $7 we will forward TWO copies of the Post and TWO copies of the Magazine.

For $10 cash, current money, we will send THREE copies of the Post and THREE of the Magazine to any part of the United States, or Canadas.

$10 will procure FIVE COPIES of Graham's Magazine, separately from the paper. Or SEVEN COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post.

SINGLE COPIES of the Magazine $3 in advance, of the Post, $2 in advance, or $3 at the end of the year.

To entitle any subscriber to the benefit of these offers, ALL ARREARAGES MUST BE FIRST PAID, and these terms are allowed to HOME, unless they deal directly with the office by mail, or otherwise on the CASH system.

☞ **The safest way for subscribers at a distance to send their subscription is to enclose it in a letter, get the nearest Post Master to frank it, and send it in UNCLE SAM'S mail bag, AT OUR RISK. Try it, as we earnestly miss a letter in a year at this office, and if we do we suffer the loss, and the works are invariably forwarded.**

The Cotton Culture.

The cotton trade of our country is one of its chief sources of prosperity. The vast tracts of land devoted to the growth of this staple; the numbers of individuals and the amount of capital required for its cultivation; and the superiority it holds over our other exports, and its consequent importance in reducing the foreign debt, give it a commanding importance, which cannot be too highly appreciated. From the Merchant's Magazine from March we gather some valuable statistics respecting the cotton trade and culture.

Our southern readers can be taught nothing respecting the cultivation of this staple; but to our northern subscribers a short description of the progress of a cotton crop may not be without interest.

The cotton is usually put into the ground about the months of March and April, varying, of course, according to the climate. Requiring a sandy soil, and water being its natural enemy, a species of land impregnated with silicous or argillaceous matter appears to afford the richest crops. A new cotton field resembles, at a distance, a field of green bunch-beans; and requires constant hoeing and ploughing to be kept clear of weeds. About the last of August the cotton begins to ripen, when the pods burst and are picked out. The crop in some places is not fully gathered in until December, the field having to be called three, four, or even ten or twelve times, according to the advanced state of each separate plant. After the harvest has been collected, the seeds are to be separated from the cotton filaments. This is generally effected by Whitney's Saw Gin. The Sea-Island cotton, we believe, is, however, still subjected to the laborious, but less injurious process of the roller gin. The article is then pressed into bales and sent to market. In lands newly cleared the yield of clean cotton to the acre is about two hundred and fifty pounds; while on old lands it does not exceed one hundred and twenty-five pounds to the acre. The price of the staple, the yield to the acre, and the mode of cultivation differ according to the various sections of the country where cotton is cultivated.

Before the war of the revolution there was no cotton grown here for exportation. Even as late as 1764 an American vessel arrived at Liverpool, with 8 bags of cotton, which were immediately seized by the Custom House officers, because it was believed that this small quantity was not the produce of the United States. With the invention of the cotton-gin, however, the cultivation of this staple rapidly increased. Thus, in 1807, 13 years after the cotton-gin was introduced, 35,000,000 lbs. of Upland cotton were exported, at a value of more than $11,000,000. From 1827 to 1830, upon an average of four years, 270,000,000 lbs. were exported annually, at a value of $24,000,000. In 1833, the quantity exported was 313,555,617 lbs.—valued at about $32,000,000. This wonderful increase will be even better appreciated when we state that in 1791, the quantity of cotton grown in the world was 490,000,000 pounds, of which only 2,000,000 pounds were grown in the United States. In 1834, the quantity grown in the world, was 900,000,000 pounds, and of this amount, 460,000,000 pounds in the United States. We thus grow more than one half the cotton in the world.

Of the value of the cotton-crop we may form some idea from the value of the Sea-Island crop for 1834, when the export of this species of cotton was 28,085,235, and during the following year it was $7,732,526, the whole of this product being produced in the States of South Carolina and Georgia. It is believed that its cultivation may be much extended, especially in the territory of Florida; and the export, during twenty years, has been on an average of about eight millions of pounds, the principal portion being carried to England.

To produce this vast annual crop of 460,000,000 pounds about 2,000,000 acres of land are in cultivation. The permanent capital invested, is estimated at $740,000,000. During 1839, 2,177,835 bales were raised in the United States, the greater proportion of which was exported abroad. Of this 954,191 bales, during the year 1839 and 40, were shipped from the port of New Orleans. The prosperity of the South may, it is well remarked, be mainly attributed to the cultivation of the cotton plant, and upon the continuance of that production its future prosperity must in a great measure depend.

It is estimated that 350,000,000 pounds of cotton are annually consumed in England; 150,000,000 in the United States; 80,000,000 in France; 250,000,000 in India and China; and the remainder of the 900,000,000, elsewhere. At ten cents a pound, the lowest price to which cotton has ever fallen, this annual crop is worth ninety millions of dollars in its raw state; but the quantity consumed in England alone, when manufactured, produces one hundred and seventy millions of dollars. The value of the cotton manufactured in France in seventy millions, and in the United States, fifty millions of dollars. From these statistics we can form some idea of the relative importance of the cotton trade and culture to the United States.

What Shadows We are, and What Shadows We pursue.

It is stated on good authority, that Judge Barbour, whose recent decease at Washington was so sudden, wrote a letter to his family on the evening of his death. He stated to them that his health was never better, and his prospect of returning to his home in Virginia to him was delightful. The mail following the one which conveyed this letter, carried the heart-rending intelligence of his death!

Stock Gambling.

The purchase of stocks upon time, has long been a crying evil in the community. It is gambling in its worst form. It produces more heartburnings—destroys more confidence among monetarian dupes at the root of the public morality,—and leads to more unprincipled transactions of every hue and character, than any system of licensed or unlicensed evil which has ever disgraced a nation. No man need hesitate upon this matter, who knows aught of the last year's history. On every side he will perceive the ravages of this destroyer. When men enlist in contracts to deliver stock at a certain time and price, the combinations they engage in to depress it by that period, naturally lead to fraud, chicanery, and ruin, to the unlisted. And such has been its effect. Who does not know, who has not commiserated some innocent victims of these gigantic "operations in stock?"

If no one could be affected by this system but the dealers who engage in it as a business, we should have little to say. Their views of right and wrong are nothing to us. Let each man think for himself. But when hundreds of innocent stock-holders, purchasing in good faith, are induced by the false representations of some of these operators, to part with their shares at one half their original cost, or when combinations of these men, by originating a panic respecting certain stocks on which they have their eye, succeed in purchasing the shares at their own price, at the cost perhaps of the beggary of hundreds of men worthier than themselves, then it is that we feel bound, in the name of all that is just, to protest against the practice. The whole system, believe us, is radically wrong. It is a net, into whose meshes the unwary are daily lured. It is a pitfall which has yearly ruined its thousands.—Beware of stock-gambling so you would beware of a pestilence!

Whether legislation can do aught to correct this evil remains to be seen. In some states the framers of the laws look on it with apathy, if not with connivance. Nothing can be done there.—Others have essayed to root out the evil. Among these the powerful State of New York is foremost; and we perceive that notice has been given in her legislature, of a bill to prohibit the buying and selling of stock upon time. We wish it cordially success.

In these remarks we have made no allusion to the unhealthy influence exercised upon legitimate trade by gambling in stocks. Like all speculation it indispposes its votary to honorable exertion. Where men expect to make fortunes in a day, they soon learn to despise the slower and toilsome path of daily exertion. They become visionaries, often madmen, and generally end with being bankrupts. Such is gambling in stocks.

The Case of McLeod.

It is currently rumored and agreed, that a formal demand has been made for the release of McLeod by the British Minister, and many suggestions are made as to the fitness of acceding. The hot-headed are for trying, and if convicted, of executing him, and for discussing the matter afterward, and most of the public journals insist strongly upon the position assumed by Mr. Van Buren's cabinet, that the prisoner is in the hands of the authorities of New York, and must abide the issue of the trial. And it is asserted that the new administration can take no other ground without endangering the national honor.

On the other hand it is contended, that, as Lord Palmerston has avowed, that McLeod acted under instructions from the Queen's Government, that the proper course is at once to release him, and to *demand at once* from the English Government atonement for the act. It is avowed, and on that ground the British minister demands the liberation of McLeod. The Government of Great Britain therefore becomes the responsible party, and not the prisoner now in durance.

It is asserted that during the late troubles in Canada many American citizens went into that province and took part with the insurgents. Our government disavowed the acts of all such persons, and they were distinctly told that the consequences of their actions were at their own risk. Many of them were made prisoners by the British; some of whom were executed and others transported. The American Government did not interfere in any manner. But in this case the ground is entirely changed. The British Government, by authorising the act and avowing it, places the whole question upon national grounds, and should be held liable instead of the agent. In the western part of New York the feelings excited cannot be easily allayed, and much caution will be required to prevent an open rupture even before the matter is settled by the representatives of their respective nations.

For ourselves, we deprecate a war, but we say, most unhesitatingly, let it come, sooner than submit to dictation, or sully the national honor, by evading the responsibility, which the avowal of the British minister has imposed. Meanwhile the trial of McLeod will proceed, and the distinguished pacificator, General Scott, has been ordered to the frontier, to remain during the forthcoming trial of McLeod, and it is suggested that Mr. Crittenden, the new Attorney General, will be on the spot, to speak the voice of the American cabinet, should occasion require.

The Rensselaerg War.

Our readers have not forgotten the difficulties, which occurred last year, among the tenants of the Rensselaer estate respecting the payment of their rents. These difficulties have broken out afresh.

A few words may not be amiss as an explanation of the causes of those disturbances. At the original consumption of this estate—now the largest one in the U. States in the possession of a single family—the rents were reserved in kind, instead of in money, that is, each tenant paid so many fowls, pigs, or bushels of grain annually. This fashion of reserving rents is not unusual in Europe, and the effect is to increase the income of the landlord in an exact ratio with the decrease in the value of money. So great is this depreciation, that many of the English colleges which, originally reserved their rents half in kind, and half in money, now derive a revenue five or six times greater from the one than from the other source. The same effect has been produced on the Rensselaer estate, and the tenants complain that, if they pay rent in kind, it is extortion to demand the same number and quantity for each acre as in former days. The people have united and are determined not to pay the rents. The Sheriff attempts attachments and a fight ensues. This was the result of the matter last winter, when the Sheriff was resisted and the militia was ordered out. It was only by judicious management that an immense slaughter was prevented. An attempt has been in progress during the past year to compromise the matter, but it has proved unavailing. They still resist paying their rents, and the owners of the property are compelled to resort to legal process. Last Thursday the Sheriff seized some property and attempted to sell it, when a fight followed and the officer was compelled to fly. The Dutch are much exasperated, and trouble is certain to follow any attempt to collect rents.

Lowell, Mass. Manufactures.

From a statement in the Lowell Advertiser, we extract the following interesting statistical facts:—The number of mills in operation is 32, exclusive of print works, &c. capital employed $10,600,000; females employed, 6920; males, 3,172; total number of operatives, 9892; tons of coal consumed per annum 11,660; cords of wood, 3410; gallons of oil, 45,280; yards of cloth made per annum, 65,602,400; pounds of cotton consumed, 21,424,000, (a pound of cotton averages 3 2-10 yards, and 160 pounds of cotton produces 80 lbs. of cloth;) consumption of starch, per an. 400,000 lbs. consumption of flour for starch, in mills, print works, and bleachery, per annum, 3000 pounds; consumption of charcoal per annum, 400,000 bushels; average amount of wages paid per month, $170,000; average wages of females, clear of board, 80 per week; average wages of males, clear of board, 88 cents per day.

The Maine Bill.

The License Bill which has been for some time past before the Legislature of this State, requiring all applications for licenses to sell liquor, to be published in the newspapers for a certain number of times, was lost in the House on Saturday. We much regret this, as the bill was a wholesome one in its provisions, and we know that licenses are too often granted against the positive wish of neighbors, who, were the information of the application known, would take such steps as would prevent success. It appears to us to be just, that the majority of citizens in each section should have an opportunity of opposing what they consider an evil. The following are the yeas and nays on the passage of the bill.

Yeas—Messrs. Andrews, Banks, Bard, Bell, Bond, Church, Clark, Cutler, Cox, Cummins, Dudley, Dilworth, Dunlap, Eyre, Fauss, Fuller, Fathey, Garretson, Grais, Hanna, Higgins, Hill, Kerr, Law, Letherman, Lightner, Livingston, McCurdy, McKinney, Miles, Pennell, Penniman, Pomeroy, Rush, Smith, Snively, Van Norde, Craig, Speaker—38.

Nays—Messrs. Andrews, Apple, Barr, Bean, Bonsall, Brodhead, of Pike, Brodhead, of Northampton, Brunner, Cortright, Cronmiller, Douglass, Fahnestock, Fenton, Flenney, Fleck, Fogel, Funk, Haas, Hahn, Hohman, Horton, Johnston, of Armstrong, Johnston, of Westmoreland, Kennedy, Kutz, Lusk, May, Middleswarth, Montgomery, Moore, Musser, Painter, Pearson, Pollock, Scott, Sawyer, Snyder, Steele, Trach, Wilkinson, Wright—41.

The members who voted against this measure says the Ledger certainly did not consult their *popularity*, for the passage of the bill was desired by both the gregites and the friends of temperance, and both for the same reason, that it would prevent the multiplication of groggshops. The keepers of those already in existence would have been relieved of competition, and therefore have enjoyed the greater profits, and the temperate would have been relieved of an evil which they deplore and would use all lawful means to check.

P. S. Since writing the above, we learn that a Committee of gentlemen from this city, have succeeded by expostulation in getting the question re-considered, and that the bill has become a law by *two votes*. What we much regret, is, that the Members from the county of Philadelphia, with a single exception, in both cases, voted against the bill, and consequently in favor of *unlicensed groggeries*. How far they will render themselves popular, by the movement remains to be seen. It is but too well known, that in Philadelphia county a remedy is more wanted than in any other in the State.

Finance Report.

The Report of the Committee on Finance, before the Senate of Pennsylvania, is upon our table. It is, in the present state of our monetary embarrassments, a document which will interest every one.

The Committee appears to have been fully conscious of two errors in our legislation, 1st. the contracting of a loan, without providing a permanent fund for the payment of the interest; and 2nd, the practice of using monies which had been set aside for this purpose, in defraying current expenses. To remedy the latter of these evils, it proposes a bill which is submitted in the report, but which our space will not permit us to insert.

The second object of the Committee has been to make the interest fund adequate to its purpose. The amount received during the past year, from the sources of revenue has been $999,891. The estimate of the State Treasurer for 1841, making a reasonable calculation, will be $1,489,000. This last includes the State Tax, which is also pledged to the Interest Fund, by the act of 11th January, 1840.

The amount of interest which will be payable at the end of the year, ending Feb. 1, 1842, will be (taking into consideration the premium on specie) $1,776,200; and deducting from this the amount appropriated to the interest fund, of $1,489,000, there will be a deficit at the end of the fiscal year of $287,200. To meet this deficiency, the committee propose to add to the interest fund the following revenue: tax on Retailers Licenses, Auction Commissions, Writs, Tavern Licenses, and Land Office fees, which, it is estimated, will produce at least $232,500 leaving a deficiency of but $54,700, which the committee believe will be covered by the receipt of taxes under the act of 1840.

The committee think that the assessments under the tax law of the last session have been, in many parts of the Commonwealth, made on an erroneous basis, and that it has been the cause of great loss to the State; and that if a change is effected, the receipts for the next year may be estimated at $1,000,000, making a surplus of $445,300.

Every Pennsylvanian must indulge the hope, that something will be done to raise a permanent fund, for the payment of the interest on the State Debt, in order to protect the commonwealth from the yearly humiliation of begging funds in the market, and endangering her honor. Let it be adopted as an inflexible rule in state finance, never to borrow money without providing a sufficient fund *to be preserved sacredly*, for the payment of the interest.

Destructive Freshet.

The heavy rains which have prevailed latterly, have doubtless caused great damage. Most of our exchanges contain accounts of freshets more or less injurious. The Charleston Patriot, now before us, gives the following narrative of the damage done in that vicinity.

A Conductor attached to the Augusta and Hamburg Rail Road, arrived this morning from Hamburg, having walked from Branchville. He left Hamburg on Thursday, at 15 minutes after seven in the morning, and Branchville yesterday at 11, A. M. When he left Hamburg the abutments of the bridge and all the embankments for 20 or 30 feet on each side at Horse Creek were carried away. At Hamburg the water was within 6 feet of being as high as the last freshet, and was then rising 18 inches the hour. A portion of the town was under water.

At the foot of the Inclined Plane the banks were all falling in, covering the track of the road. There was no further injury until reaching the Edisto bridge—the water was there one foot high on this side of the bridge and within 6 inches of the sills of the bridge for one mile and a half.—The road had given way at Four Holes for three quarters of a mile, and at Cattle Creek. The water at Four Holes is up to the rails and has carried away the embankment.

The Locomotive Revenue had started on Thursday to give assistance to Passengers coming down, and at the second culvert, Four Hole Swamp, the road gave way and threw her on the embankment, where she now lies. She had a freight car attached which floated off with the rail road hands, who were all, however, safe, the water at that point being 10 feet deep.

Great apprehensions are entertained for Hamburg, as at the time our informant left, the water was rising and heavy rains have occurred since.

We are requested to say that neither the Passengers nor freight train will start to-morrow.—There is every probability that the cars will be able to leave on Monday.

The accounts from Orangeburg are nearly as bad—the State road is said to be covered with water, and the whole country is inundated.

Subsoil Plough.

An instrument of this name, is now to be seen at the Hall of the Franklin Institute in South Seventh St. The name expresses the manner in which it acts. Ploughs of this pattern are said to possess many advantages. This specimen was brought from Scotland, by our fellow townsman, James Ronaldson, Esq. It is worthy the attention of farmers especially. The improvements in agriculture have been manifold during the last few years, but much yet remains to be done in this, as well as in other branches of industry.

Latest from Canton.

COM. ELLIOTT OUTWITTED—NEGOTIATIONS REMOVED FROM THE VICINITY OF PEKIN, TO CANTON—INDIGNATION OF THE ENGLISH JOURNALISTS.

The Canton Register of October 7th, 1840, has been received, containing intelligence of the arrival of H. M. S. Cruizer, from Chusan. The substance of the intelligence we hasten to lay before our readers. The tone of the Register, it will be perceived, is highly indignant at being outwitted by the Chinese.

The intelligence brought by the Cruizer, is that an imperial commissioner is on his way to Canton, invested with imperial powers to amicably arrange the difficulties between China and Great Britain; and that corresponding with his progress, admiral Elliott is proceeding with the whole fleet to the southward, with the intention of meeting the imperial commissioner in Canton, and to commence negotiations for the arrangement of affairs. The commissioner may be expected to arrive in Canton about the 15th or 20th inst.

Lin, the present governor of Canton, and formerly high commissioner, is placed under what the Chinese call "examinators," who are to investigate his conduct since his arrival in Canton on March 10, 1839.

The state of matters in Chusan is very lamentable. Mrs. Noble, 3 of H. M.'s officers and 26 men (a boat's crew) had been seized by the Chinese, and sent over to Ningpo; they are well treated, and, with fair speeches, the Chinese promise they shall be restored immediately after the English evacuate Chusan. The last words we have heard, are that Captain Elliott and Mr. Morrison had gone over to Ningpo to negotiate for their release. Keshen has been repeatedly in communication with admiral Elliott; the Chinese statesman is described as being peculiarly bland in his manners, but the chief drift of his conversations was to deprecate the opium trade; and it is said some kind of *half-promises* have been made by the chief commissioner that the opium trade shall be one of the questions of the future negotiations.

We have headed—the Register continues—the foregoing intelligence as being most important and exhaustive; we consider it the *most disastrous, the most miserable* intelligence that can go abroad for the national honor and commercial interest of England.

Mark and remark the absurdity of the proceedings: a British naval force arrives off the Peiho river; the mere appearance of three ships lands the Peking government down to the measure of deposing *one of the highest officers* in the empire to confer with the *English barbarian* on the subject of *his grievances*: well, why does not the barbarian, with his armed force—the effect of its presence in the waters of the province of Pechele he has already proved,—commence his negotiations—if negotiations are to be again commenced—on board H. M. ship, or at Tientsin, only 30 miles from the Peking, the capital of the empire and where the son of heaven, the sacred and supreme ruler resides?

No! he is cajoled by the bland, polite, and wily Keshen to remove the only evidence of his power—the only efficient part of his mission—her majesty's ships of war—near 2000 miles to the southward, at the commencement of the north east monsoon, and renew his negotiations in Canton!—*that city where the British name and nation has been trampled in the dust and robbed of its property! that city over which the English flag should have waved three months ago! that city which the British superintendent declared in April, 1839, he would make too hot to hold any one!*—O most lame and impotent conclusion! The result of the capture of Chusan, of the loss of British lives, the pining sickness of gallant British soldiers, the wreck of British ships, of a large military and naval expedition, on which the eyes of the world are fixed—the prisoner of a British admiral in Canton negotiating on that spot where his countrymen were imprisoned, and disgraced! How can he put his foot on board a Chinese boat, the laughter, the derision of the emperor, keshen, Lin, the hong merchant, linguists, of every fisherman and Tankea boatwoman and child on the pearly river of Canton?

The end, then, of nearly two years of intense anxiety is, that British affairs and interests in the autumn of 1840, are exactly where they were in the spring of 1839:—no!—not where they then where, but in an infinitely more *complicated*, and consequently, in a *more disgraced condition!*

Another imperial commissioner is to come to Canton to settle matters! this devoutly-not-to-be-wished-consummation, would have resulted before the end of July, had the Bocca Tigris been garrisoned by British troops on June 22, and immediately afterwards possession taken of the city of Canton.

Legislature.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless post paid.

... payment only at the end of the current half year, and then only at the option of the publishers ... arrearages are due.

... Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment of our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

To Travelling Agents.

We must request our travelling agents, one and all, to make their remittances *frequently*. When accounts are held in their hands for *months* after collection, inevitable confusion and misunderstandings must occur. Promptitude is the soul of business, on the part of subscribers, agents and publishers. Local agents and postmasters, who act as such, will also oblige us by promptly remitting subscriptions which may be paid into their hands. The books of a large establishment are a sufficient care, and can only be satisfactorily kept by frequent settlements on all hands.

Travelling Agents.

☞ John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ Thomas Severn, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Mecker.

☞ B. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ Alanson Billings, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

☞ L. Tubbins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

Local Agents.

☞ J. B. McIlvaine, Esq. of Maysville, Ky. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine. We cordially commend him.

☞ Wm. McGary is agent for the Post and Magazine at Fayetteville, N. C. Subscribers at said place will oblige us by paying him their subscriptions.

☞ D. A. Bulkley, of Jacksonville, Ill. is the agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine all representations by others to the contrary notwithstanding. We cordially recommend him.

☞ J. Ivison, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorised to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Wm. H. Tutt, Esq. of Versailles, Ky. is our agent, vice John Anderson, Esq. resigned.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Salem Banking Company, Salem, N. J.—5's letter B, payable to S. Brown, dated Oct. 1, 1839. Tolerably well executed.

Consolidated Association, N. Orleans, La.—50's, letter N. payable to G. Pollock, dated Dec. 1, 1838; A. Baudoin, cashier; H. Laverque, pres't; paper dark, engraving beautifully executed; vignette, view of a banking house.

Bank of Woodstock, Woodstock, Vt.—5's spurious, J. V. Peel, cash'r; S. Jameson, pres't; vignette, Commerce. Purport to be engraved by Reed & Bissel, New York. Engraving coarsely done.

Bank of Syracuse, Syracuse, N. Y.—5's. An excellent imitation, particularly the red back part of it, and as the same plate will answer for the 3's of any or all of the Free Banks of New York by merely altering the name of the bank, no doubt others will make their appearance. It will be well for the public to be on their guard. The engravers' names are printed "Rawdon, Wright, Hatch, New York," instead of Rawdon, Wright, & Hatch, as in the genuine.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		price sold for.	par.
1906 shares	United States Bank.	16a17½	100
949 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R.R.	33¼a34½	50
747 do.	Vicksburg Bank.	5½a6	100
233 do.	Girard Bank.	30a29½	50
130 do.	Mechanics Bank	27½a28	25
29 do.	Far. & Mec. Bank.	43½	50
15 do.	Mine Hill RR	28½	50
11 do.	N. O. Canal Bank.	60	100
15 do.	Philadelphia Bank	77a80	100
18 do.	Manufac. & Mec. Bank	30a34	30
3 do.	Pennsylvania Bank	295	400
5 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co	61	100
1 do.	Memphis Bank.	65	100

Messrs. King and Clay—*Dispute Settled.*—The Globe of Monday evening says, that the controversy between Col. King of Alabama and Mr. Clay of Kentucky, was that day satisfactorily adjusted, by the latter withdrawing every offensive expression which he had used on that occasion in relation to the former.—This withdrawal was received by Col. King in the proper spirit. After it was done, Mr. Clay advanced across the Senate, and he and Col. King shook hands, and greeted each other. The settlement of the dispute was highly honorable to both parties.

Look Out! *Bad Notes.*—The following notes are not redeemed at their agencies in Albany, or New York. Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank at Batavia; James Bank, Jamesville; Union Bank, Buffalo; Merchants' Exchange, do.; Bank of Commerce, do.; Erie County, do.; Binghampton Bank, Binghampton; Bank of Western New York, Rochester; Staten Island Bank, Port Richmond.

Towanda Bank—*Look Out.*—The United States Gazette says that the notes of this bank, which until within the last three weeks were redeemed in this city at 3-4 per cent. discount, are not now purchased by our brokers at any rate. It is rumored that the late cashier *is a defaulter* to a large amount.

General Scott arrived at New York on Monday night. He is on his way to the frontier to attend to the affair of McLeod; and to take all the measures necessary to prevent an outbreak.

Small Notes.—The Council of Wilmington, Del., have passed an Ordinance for issuing bills or drafts of a less value than one dollar, the vote on its passage was—yeas 8—nays 2.

Bank Bills.—The Missouri House of Representatives passed a bill at its late session making it an indictable offence to pass or receive a $5 or a $10 note after January, 1842.

Free Banking.—The Free Banks of New York numbered in November last 71—four had suspended. Total of securities $6,080,580 52. Notes in circulation $5,267,976.

Indiana Debt.—The state debt of Indiana is upwards of fourteen millions of dollars. It has been increased more than one million dollars by the payment of interest.

Virginia Banks.—All the Banks of Virginia have suspended with the exception of the banks at Richmond, Norfolk, and the Bank of Virginia at Petersburg.

Political Intelligence.

Appointments by the President, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate*, viz: Wm M. Meredith, U. S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Penna. Thos. Hayes, Navy Agent at Philadelphia; H. C. Bader, U. S. Marshal Western District, Pennsylvania; Walter Forward, U. S. Attorney, Western District, Pennsylvania; Daniel Huguenin, U. S. Marshal, District Wisconsin; Clark Robinson, U. S. Marshal, Northern District; Henderson Taylor, U. S. Attorney, Western District, Louisiana; Isaiah Stoddard, Collector and Inspector, Plymouth, Massachusetts; Myles Elliott, Surveyor and Inspector, Hertford, North Carolina; Lieutenant W. K. Hanson, to be Captain by brevet; W. A. Spencer to be Captain in the Navy; Abraham Bigelow to be Commander in the Navy; Wm. L. Mawry to be Lieutenant in the Navy; Wm. Watson to be Collector at Providence, R. I.; Austin Baldwin, Collector at Middletown, Conn.; Nathan Cummins, Collector at Portland and Falmouth, Me.; Gen. Remick, Collector at Kennebunk, Me.; Tristram Storer, Collector and Inspector, Saco, Me.; Gordon Forbes, Surgeon and Inspector, Yeocomico, Va.; Jedediah W. Knight, Surgeon and Inspector, R. I.; Wm. Pinckney, Surgeon and Inspector, Baltimore, Md.; Ogden Hoffman, District Attorney, S. Dist. N. York, in place of B. F. Butler, resigned; Allen A. Hale of Tennessee, Charge d'Affaires at Venezuela; Leonard Draper, Consul at Paris, France; Ogden Hoffman, District Attorney, New York; William Pinkney, Surveyor, Baltimore; Nathan Cummings, Collector, Portland, Maine; Austin Baldwin, Collector, Middletown, Conn.; William R. Watson, Collector, Providence, R. I.; George Nowland, Surveyor, Tiverton, R. I.; George W. Knight, Surveyor, Pawtucket, R. I., Daniel Remick, Collector, Kennebunk, R. I.; Tristram Storer, Collector, Saco, Maine.

Appointments by the Governor.—The following nominations of the Governor for Associate Judges, were confirmed on Friday last, viz:—William C. Reynolds for Luzerne, W. P. Wilcox, and Joel Bartwell, for McKean; George Smyser, for Adams, Jesse Sharp, for Chester; Joseph Adams, for Huntingdon; John Baskin, for Union.

The Extra Session.—It has at length been determined by the new administration to call an extra session of Congress in June. Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Van Buren, all called extra sessions. The first, 16th May, 1797; the second, October 17th, 1803; the third, 23d May, 1809; and the last, 4th September, 1837.

The Maryland Legislature adjourned *sine die*, on the 11th inst., after passing 164 laws and 40 resolutions, the most important of which was one asking the re-cession of a part of the District of Columbia, from the United States back to the State.

Appointments in New Jersey.—George P. Molleson, of New Brunswick, was on Tuesday elected Attorney General of the State, and Daniel Elmer, of Cumberland, Judge of the Supreme Court.

On Dit.—It is stated from Baltimore that Thomas Findley, Esq., brother of William Findley, formerly Governor of Pennsylvania, will be appointed Postmaster of that city.

Whig Nomination.—The Whigs of New York have nominated J. P. Phoenix, Esq., as their candidate for Mayor at the approaching charter election.

Withdrawn.—Mr. Speaker Hunter, who announced himself as a candidate for re-election to Congress, has withdrawn from the canvass.

Registry Law.—A bill for the repeal of the Registry Law has been introduced into the New York House of Representatives.

Maryland Legislature.—An extra session has been called by Gov. Grason for the 24th instant.

City News.

St. Patrick's Day.—Wednesday (St. Patrick's Day) was celebrated in a true spirit by the sons and friends of Ireland. The Hibernia Greens and the Montgomery Hibernia Greens paraded the streets with excellent bands of music. The latter company dined on temperance principles at Parkinson's. The Irish Repeal Association met in the District Court Room, corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets, in the morning, and after several eloquent speeches had been made, the Association walked in procession to the saloon of the Philadelphia Museum, to hear an oration in honor of the day by Dr. Moriarty. The saloon was crowded to excess, and the address of the learned divine which is pronounced the ablest he ever delivered, was listened to with the profoundest attention. The proceeds of the sale of tickets which were large, are to be appropriated to the St. John's Orphan Asylum. The St. Augustine Temperance Society also met in the Temperance Hall, N. L., and heard an oration from Thos. J. Bogue, Esq. The day was as usual cold and dreary but passed off well.

The Fire in Kensington.—The fire in Kensington on Sunday evening consumed the stables of Mrs. Abel, three in number, in which it originated, together with hay, &c., and eight valuable horses, four owned by Mrs. Abel, two by Mr. Glenat, and two by Mr. Steel, who rented one of the stables. Several sheds and back buildings adjoining, and a small frame dwelling, situated back in the occupancy of a poor widow were also destroyed. The flames then caught to two double frame buildings fronting on Frankford Road, one occupied as an oyster-house and dwelling by Mr. Hughes, and the other by Mr. Weisman, tobacconist, and Mr. Sutters, grocer. The former building was burnt to the ground and the latter almost entirely destroyed. Mr. Hughes saved the greater part of his goods. Mr. Weisman and Mr. Sutters, also saved most of their stock and furniture. Mr. Anthony Wessel owned the whole of the houses. Loss about $3,000, covered by $1,100 insurance. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

Cunning Trick.—During a sale on Monday morning at Doolittle's Auction Store, in Fourth above Market street, a large, stout, elderly man, exclaimed suddenly, "I have lost my watch," and no small degree of excitement was the consequence. The doors were instantly closed to prevent egress. The missing watch was a gold one, purchased in Moscow in 1805, and was worth $200. He had just bought a silver one for his son. His pocket book, with only 50 cents in it, was also gone. A general search now commenced, and after a few moments some one cried out, "Here it is!" and, sure enough, it was found fastened behind a lady, and attached to her shawl. The thief, apprehensive of detection, had evidently secured it there to secure himself. The lady was terribly frightened, but she got over it, and the rogue, of course, escaped.

Suicide.—A man named Wm. Peacock, aged about 35 years, residing back of Fifth street, below Christian, took, on Wednesday afternoon, three ounces of laudanum, and died about 8 o'clock in the evening. He was addicted to drinking, and had recently an attack of mania-a-potu, which it is supposed lead to the commission of the rash act. The druggists from whom he procured the laudanum, said he appeared quite rational, and told them he wanted it for a family living in New Jersey. He was a shoemaker by profession, and has left a wife and four small children. An inquest was held on the body the same evening, the jury returning a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

Arrest of a Supposed Murderer.—Police officer Whisener, of Moyamensing, on Thursday week arrested a man named William Williams, on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of the seafaring man, found, in an upper room of a den in Small street above Sixth, strangled to death. Williams underwent an examination before Alderman Hoffner, and was committed. The three females who were committed by Alderman Hoffner, on a charge of participating in the murder have had several hearings before the Alderman but nothing definite and final has yet been done in their cases.

Rum—A Picture.—On Monday night, shortly after the storm of snow had set in, a young and interesting looking female, decently clad, was discovered at the corner of Seventh and Chesnut streets, with an infant only a few months old, reeling and staggering from the effects of rum. As she appeared entirely incapable of taking care of either herself or her innocent offspring, she was carried to the watch-house. On Tuesday morning she was brought before the Recorder, and committed to prison in default of the usual fine and bail for her good behavior. Her child was handed over to the Guardians of the Poor.

Suicide.—Mrs. Rebecca Gouge, wife of John Gouge, druggist, No. 302 Race street, opposite Chester, committed suicide on Saturday night about 10 o'clock by cutting her throat with a knife. The deceased was 63 years of age and had been ailing for a considerable time. She is said to have done the rash deed in a fit of great mental excitement. The Coroner on Sunday held an inquest upon the body. Verdict of the jury in accordance with the facts. Mrs. Gouge was the mother of the author of the treatise on Banking.

Death from Intemperance.—The Coroner on Saturday morning was called to view the body of a colored man, aged 28 years, named John Freeman, who was found dead in a cellar in Pink street, Kensington. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from intemperance and exposure."

Railroad Accident.—The eleven o'clock train of cars from Harrisburg was thrown off the track on Friday night, near White Hall, by a tree that was blown down by the storm, falling across the engine. The passengers were brought to the city in wagons. No lives were lost.

The Frigate Raritan, which has been so long on the stocks at the Navy Yard, is now fast progressing to completion. Quite a number of workmen are engaged at work upon her, and it is said that she will be ready for launching, in the course of three months.

Starvation.—The Coroner was called to a house in Shippen street, below Broad, on Tuesday evening, to view the body of a colored child, six months old, whose death was caused by starvation. The verdict of the jury was in accordance with the facts.

Another Merchant Ship.—A beautiful ship built at Boston for Pratt, McKean & Co., of this city, and intended for the Canton trade, arrived in our port on Thursday. She is called the "Henry Pratt."

The Steam Frigate.—It is said that this vessel now on the stocks at the Navy Yard will be launched at high water on the 15th of April.

General News.

McLeod Case—*postponed.*—The trial of McLeod upon the charge of assisting to burn the Caroline, and to murder Durfee, comes on at Lockport next summer—not next week.

McLeod has commenced, or is about to commence, the correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says, proceedings to procure a commission to examine foreign witnesses, and among the rest Capt. Drew, who commanded the Caroline expedition, and who is now in England. Hence it is that a trial cannot be had before the latter part of next summer, or perhaps not until fall.

The N. Y. Com. in reply to the American, puts forth the following strong hypothesis:

"Suppose a man were found in this city, at dead of night, applying the torch to the house of a citizen: On his trial for the arson at the Sessions, suppose him to produce written orders from any foreign source. Would these orders be admitted, either as a defence, or in bar to the jurisdiction of the local tribunal?

In a word, can the orders of a foreign authority to do an act not sanctioned by the law of nations—to do an unlawful act—be permitted to interfere with our State jurisdiction over offences committed within the State?"

From Havana.—We have news from Havana via N. Orleans, to the 23d ult. Business was dull. Coffee was selling from 10 1-2 to 11 cts., sugar 6a7 cts.

By some extracts from late Mexican papers, it appears that the news that Texas did not contemplate an invasion of Mexico, occasioned great rejoicing in that country.

An institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb is about being established in the city of Havana.

Some of the streets of Havana are about being paved with wood.

Late from Nassau.—By the schr. Abigail and Eliza, at Savannah, we have news from Nassau to the 24th ult. Nothing important. The ship Globe of Boston, schr. Hope of Baltimore, and brig Rinaldo of Boston, have been wrecked.

Seven of the crew of the ship Globe, and three of the Rinaldo's, came passengers in the Abigail and Eliza.

There is nothing later than the 17th January, of the mortality said to be prevailing at Jamaica; which, it is stated, carried off near 100 men in the 92d Regiment, with three officers.

A Battle in Florida is reported to have been fought between a small detachment of Lieut. Abarti's command, 18 men only, and about 160 indians, on the 2d inst. near Fort Brooke, on the Oclawaha. Our troops maintained the fight for upwards of an hour, when their ammunition gave out, and they retreated in good order, to Fort Russel, with the loss of one man killed, six being wounded. A large force immediately set off in pursuit of the enemy.

Rascal Caught.—At New Orleans lately, a genteel looking man, calling himself Andrew J. Calhoun, was arrested on suspicion of forgery. He presented to a Mr. Palfrey a certificate of deposite in the Bank of Mobile, bearing all the marks of being altered from $850 to $2550. He endorsed it, and after paying him the money, Mr. P. had him taken up. The certificate is numbered 1606.

Tall Defences.—A gentleman of New York has proposed a plan for the defence of that city, in which he suggests the erection of three towers 200 feet, to be mounted by ten guns each, and provided with apparatus to heat balls. What excellent marks these towers would prove to an enemy coming from the Narrows, with Paixhan guns!

Fire and Loss of Life.—The house of Mr. Reuben Simons, near Port Huron, Mich., was burnt with its contents on the evening of the 13th ult. Mr. John Markham and one of Mr. Simons' children died of injuries received at the fire. Several others were much hurt, but they were expected to recover.

The Foreign Ministers.—On Tuesday, the members of the Diplomatic body now in Washington, accredited to the Government of the United States, were individually and collectively presented to the President. Mr. Fox, the British minister made a neat speech, and the President replied.

Another Steamboat Sunk.—The steamboat Renown was snagged and sunk a few days since, at Moore's Bluff, on the Little Bigby river. She was on her downward passage, and had some cotton on board. This is the fourth boat which has been sunk in that vicinity within a week past.

Another Murder.—In Platte city, Mississippi, about two weeks ago, a man named John Ramsey was killed by one named Edward Smith, a discharged soldier. The circumstances which led to the unfortunate affair are not stated. The murderer, we understand, is in custody.

Rev. George Cookman, recently Chaplain to the U. S. Senate, has been appointed by the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society as their Delegate to the British and Foreign Institution. It holds its Anniversary at Exeter Hall, in London, next May.

Pardoned Him.—The Governor of South Carolina has pardoned Jones, who was convicted of forgery, and condemned to be hung. The criminal will suffer a long term of imprisonment, under convictions for larceny, for which offence he has been publicly whipped.

Important to Underwriters.—It was judicially decided in New York on Wednesday, that the deviation of a steam boat, or other vessel, from her regular route, except to save life, vitiated the policy of insurance and released the assurers from liability.

Will Ice Light a Candle?—*Certainly it will!*—Attach to the wick of a candle, a small piece, or globule of potassium (the metallic base of potash) of the size of a small shot. Apply an icicle or point of ice to the metal, and it will instantly inflame.

A Baconian Question.—The New York Planet wants to know how many pigs it will take, laying heads and tails, alternately, as pigs lay naturally, to make a row in which there shall be three heads on one side and three tails on the other.

What a Villain.—The St. Louis Pennant states that in Springfield, Missouri, a man named Whitsides killed another named James Duncan, by firing a pistol at him from his *overcoat pocket* on the 23d. ult.

Catch the Murderers.—Governor McNutt, of Mississippi, has offered a reward of three hundred dollars for Benjamin Morgan, the murderer of Isler, and one hundred dollars for Trokey, his accomplice.

Naval Item.—The Herald says, that Captain M'Intosh is to be appointed to the command of the Fulton steam frigate, and that she is to be employed in practising with Paixhan shot forthwith.

Fire in Bridgeton, N. J.—The packing-house belonging to the Bridgeton Glass Company, was entirely consumed by fire on Monday week, with its contents, about $5000 worth of glass.

Want of Work.—On Tuesday, in New York, a man named Matthew Joy, (what a misnomer,) committed suicide by taking laudanum. He was poor, and could get no work.

Stabbed Him.—A woman, named Ann Sharp, was sentenced on Wednesday to imprisonment, in New York, for stabbing a man called Charles Kelly, with a knife in the theatre.

Cotton Factories in the South.—The last Pensacola Gazette states that a cotton factory is about to be established at or near Arcadia, in Escambia county, Florida.

Bold Villany.—The National Intelligencer mentions the robbery in Washington, of a clergyman in open daylight, and while he was performing divine service.

Killed by a Fall.—A man named Benjamin Bucklebuck, was killed in N. York, on Wednesday by falling from the gangway of a ship on to the dock.

New York.—The number of buildings in the compact part of the city of New York, is 32,116; about 736 of which are taverns, or one to every 43 houses.

Iron in our State.—It is estimated that 200,000 tons of iron are manufactured annually in Pennsylvania, or an increase of 100,000 tons since 1832.

Small Notes.—An attempt is about to be made in the Maryland Legislature, to authorise the Baltimore Banks to issue small notes.

Good Business.—It is said that the vessels navigating the Hudson above Albany, comprise an aggregate tonnage of 15,550 tons.

Immigrants.—The returns show that 115,806 persons came into the United States, by sea, during the year from foreign ports.

The Erie Canal.—The Erie Canal was originally estimated to cost five millions of dollars. It really cost 7 1-3 millions.

Sir John Harvey, it is currently reported in St. John's, N. B., is shortly to be succeeded by Sir W. G. Colebrooke.

Fire in Baltimore.—On Wednesday morning, a carpenter's shop, and frame grocery store, were consumed.

From South America.—By the Emma, from Maracaibo, at New York, on Friday night, we have intelligence to the 13th Feb. The affairs of New Granada are in a most deplorable and gloomy state. The government troops (five hundred strong,) under Colonel Mutas, had marched into Cucuta, without meeting any opposition, the inhabitants having deserted the town. Gen. Herran was off the march to the north, with 1500 troops.

All was quiet in Venezuela, but fears were entertained, that should the revolutionists unfortunately succeed in New Grenada, the peace of that republic might be disturbed.

By later advices we learn that the government troops under Herran, sixteen hundred in number, and the Federalists, twenty three hundred strong, under Carmora, were every day expected to have a battle. It was thought that they would fight at La Cruz, a short distance from Port Ocana.

Steamboat Sunk.—*Great Loss.*—On the 2d inst. the steamboat John Randolph was snagged and sunk a few miles above New Orleans. She was bound for Nashville, and had a valuable cargo (say $300,000) on board. She sunk so fast that there was barely time for the passengers and crew to escape in the boats. Not a trunk or any other article was saved.—A colored fireman is missing. Every body else safe. Gen. Coffee, one of the passengers, lost with his trunk about $15,000 in cash. The J. R., it is believed, went down in such deep water that she will probably never be found.

Latest from Texas.—By the steamer Savannah, at New Orleans on the 3d, from Galveston, we have news five days later from Texas. We find nothing of importance. There was a rumor that Mexico had recognized the independence of the republic. Preparations were being made to celebrate the national anniversary, 2d of March, with great spirit. The foreign Ministers and Consuls have been appointed by the acting President. Col. W. G. Cooke had returned to Austin.

A John Bull Bargain.—John Bull is always wide awake. Mexico owes England. The private treaty with England guarantees peace between Texas and Mexico in 30 days after its ratification, now made, reaches the capitol of Mexico; Texas agreeing to pay England, as her part of the debt due from Mexico, £1,000,000 in 50 years. Not a bad trade.

Ship Lost.—The ship which went ashore at the Hook on Friday night, reported by the New York papers, is the Memphis, from New Orleans, with cotton, &c. She has since bilged, and will probably go to pieces. She is a fine ship of 800 tons, 8 years old, and worth $40,000. Much other damage was done to the shipping about New York.

Temperance in Indiana.—The Temperance cause is gaining powerful advocates in Indiana, and is progressing rapidly in strength and influence. Among a number of prominent supporters in Vevay, Indiana, we notice the names of James M. Kyle, Esq., and the Hon. John Dermont. Such advocates adorn any cause.

Fatal Duel.—The Cincinnati Republican states that a duel was fought at Alton, Ill., on the 4th inst., between Judge Smith, of the Illinois Supreme Court, and Mr. McClernand, late Secretary of State of Illinois. They fought with rifles, distance fifty paces. Judge Smith was the challenger and was killed on the spot.

Quite a Hubbub.—There appears to be a good deal of excitement at Hempstead, L. I., among the people. They have been taxed, and they say unjustly. At any rate the people do not seem inclined to pay up. So the Collector, the Herald says, has seized all their pigs, cats, cows, beeves, &c. &c.

Great Temperance Movement.—A great temperance meeting was held at the theatre in Buffalo on the night of the 6th inst. The building was crowded to listen to an eloquent address by Mr. Clinton; after which a vast number of persons signed their names to the total abstinence pledge.

A Jail a Nuisance.—At the recent term of the Court of Common Pleas in Portsmouth, the Grand Jurors for the State of New Hampshire visited the jail in that town, and returned a bill against it as a nuisance. Some folks conceive all jails nuisances.

Awful Death.—A coffee house keeper at New Orleans, named Joseph Girodeau, committed suicide on the 1st inst. on a ferry boat. He permitted himself to be caught in the fly wheel of the engine, and his head was instantly severed from his body.

Sudden Death.—On Thursday last, while Mr. Joseph Renshaw, of German township, was engaged in feeding a Threshing Machine, the cylinder bursted and several of the pieces struck Mr. R. in the face and broke his skull, causing instant death.

Looks Like Peace.—In a skirmish on the 4th inst. near Fort Russell, the Seminoles killed six and wounded three of our soldiers. A few days before they had killed six or seven more. We have no new and *authentic* accounts of either fight yet.

The Steam Barque.—The steam barque Clarion, (formerly the ship Clarion of our city) with Ericson's propellers astern is going to Havana, in order to make a practical experiment of her powers. She is expected to go ten miles per hour.

More Steamers.—A bill has passed the lower House of the New Providence Legislature "to promote and encourage Steam Navigation, between England and that Colony, for the conveyance of mails and passengers."

The U. S. Frigate Potomac, has been got off the shoal in which she grounded some time since, in the river La Plata, without damage, and is now being refitted. She was expected in Montevideo early in January.

Stenography Used Up.—An English paper speaks of a new plan of taking down an orator's words as fast as uttered, by means of *a machine*. It is in fact a mode of rendering the *vibrations of sound permanently visible!*

No Excuse.—The editor of the Burlington County Herald at Mount Holly, excuses the paucity of news in his last paper, by stating that he has just got married. Well, he will have plenty of news after this.

Storm in N. Orleans.—A terrible storm visited New Orleans on the 2d inst. Rain and hail poured down with immense force. Great damage was done to the shipping. It was a perfect hurricane.

Troops for Florida.—One hundred recruits sailed from Baltimore for Savannah, on Tuesday, under command of Lt. Hill, 2d Dragoons, for the 3d U. S. Artillery, now serving in Florida.

New York Custom House.—All efforts to trace the robberies at the stores of the N. Y. Custom House have proved ineffectual, and it is believed that the robbers will escape detection.

Poor Fellow!—Geo. Potter who was wounded by the explosion of the cannon at Peacedale, R. I., died in fourteen hours after the accident. He was to have been married last Sunday.

Age of Marriage.—Dr. James Anderson, in his "Economy of Health," recommends ladies not to marry until 28, and gentlemen at 35. That's almost equal to total abstinence.

On Dit.—It is said in Baltimore that Wm. Gwynn Jones has been pardoned by Mr. Van Buren. We believe he was an editor and was convicted of robbing letters at the Post Office.

Restored.—Commodore Renshaw has been re-ordered to the command of the naval station at Brooklyn, N. Y. Purser Ramsey has been ordered to the sloop of war Fairfield.

Perfectly Right.—We understand that the Secretary of the Navy intends arming either the steam frigate Missouri or Mississippi with two of Cochran's famous bomb cannon.

Fire in Easton, Md.—The dwelling of Mr. Thomas Dewlin, about three miles from Easton, Md., was destroyed by an accidental fire on the 3d inst. Loss estimated at $3000.

Breach of Promise.—A Mrs. Smith, a widow, recovered last week in Baltimore county, $940 damages of John Lewis, a market-gardener, for breach of promise of marriage.

Killed.—Mr. Farnum, one of the conductors on the Exeter Railroad, was injured so much a day or two ago, by a collision of cars, that he died almost immediately.

Cost of Police.—The cost for the maintenance of the New York Police for 1840 was $17,309 04. The Magistrates' salaries are very low. Have they no perquisites?

Drowned.—Thursday week, a boy was lost overboard from a New York boat outside the Hook. He was drowned.

Foster Rhodes, Esq. has been appointed it is said, in New York, one of our Naval Constructors.

The Burlington Hotels are determined to close on Sundays in future.

Gaol to Let.—The gaol at Machias in Maine, is tenantless.

Virginia and New York.—The retaliatory law, putting restrictions upon vessels arriving at ports in Virginia, from ports in New York, has passed the Virginia House of Delegates, not the Senate; and goes into effect, should it become a law, on the first of May, 1842, and contains a clause, giving the Governor power to suspend its operation, whenever official notice is received of the consent of the Governor of New York, to comply with the demand of the Executive of Virginia, for the surrender of Peter Johnson, Edward Smith and Isaac Gansey, as fugitives from justice; and the law of New York of the 6th of May eighteen hundred and forty, entitled "an act to extend the right of trial by jury," has been repealed by that State.

State Treasurer's Report.—In obedience to a resolution of the Legislature, the State Treasurer has reported the probable amount that will be realized before the 1st of August next from sources, the revenue of which has been specifically appropriated to the internal improvement fund. The actual amount for 1840 was $450,987,29, the estimated increase in canal and railroad tolls for the present year is $80,000; estimated amount from State tax under act of June, 1840, $25,000. So that the amount likely to be received applicable to the payment of interest on the improvement loans due first of August, will be $534,987,29.

A Fight and Loss of Life.—Two or three weeks ago, James M. Coxe and Alexander Stephens, of Wilmington, Del., quarrelled about politics in a hotel.—They afterwards fought in the street, and Coxe was seriously wounded by a knife in the hands of his adversary. He went home, went to bed, and in spite of the best medical aid, died on Friday night last in great pain. Stephens was arrested, and on Saturday committed to Newcastle jail to stand his trial at the coming May term of the Court.

The Fate of the Intemperate.—A man named Uriah Gleason, was found dead on the ice on the Lake near Buffalo on the 7th inst. He had started the night before with a horse and sleigh from Buffalo, a little intoxicated. His horse broke through the ice. He endeavored to extricate him, and finally both perished. The horse's head and hind parts rested on the ice out of the hole, his body was under water. The snow was beaten down around, as if the man had exerted himself to sustain life.

Serious Accident.—On Thursday last, says an Auburn paper, as the wife of Mr. Allen Fish and son were riding in a sleigh on the Owasco lake, the ice unexpectedly gave way, precipitating the whole directly into the water, at a place where it is 30 feet deep. As the team sank, the son bounded on the ice, and then by an effort, worthy of an older head, succeeded in rescuing his mother from a watery grave. The horses were drowned, the sleigh, &c., have been recovered.

A Great Smash.—The New York Herald says, that in consequence of the violence of the wind on Saturday morning, one of the two tall chimneys of the Bank of New York was blown down. It fell through the roof of the Bank, carrying every thing before it, broke a hole through the roof, rafters, ceilings, beams, joists, &c., 14 to 20 feet square, and falling into the large banking room, mashed up the desks, counter, &c., opposite the paying teller, but killed nobody.

From Tampico.—By the brig Charles Carroll which touched at the bar below New Orleans on the 27th ult., we have news from Tampico to the 14th ult.

It was rumored that Gen. Arista who was at Saltillo, intended joining the federal cause and would act jointly with Canales.

Business was very dull at Tampico, and little or nothing doing.

The Sunday Mail.—The Washington Correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, in answer to the question, why certain *Sunday mails* have been stopped says, that the embarrassments of the Post Office Department required that the service should be curtailed by taking off one trip per week on the least important routes. Mr. Niles selected the Sunday trip, and hence the tumult.

Cayenne Pepper.—In St. Louis they are selling *Bay wood saw dust* for genuine Cayenne pepper! The dust is so near the color of real Cayenne, that the best of judges would be deceived. To render the deception still more certain, a small sprinkling of Cayenne is found upon the top of the counterfeit. This beats wooden nutmegs, and wooden hams, "all hollow."

A Son Murdered by his Father.—The Western Georgian of the second inst. says, we have recently learned that on the 13th ult., a man by the name of Green, perpetrated this awful crime, upon his own son. It took place on the highway, in the county of Lumpkin, about seven miles below Dahlonega. We have not learned the particulars.

Suicide.—A young man by the name of Swartz, a journeyman tailor, left Raleigh, N. C. one day last week in the Fayetteville stage. Somewhere in Cumberland county he got out of the stage and disappeared. On Sunday last two gentlemen discovered his dead body, suspended by the neck from a limb of an adjacent tree.

Sudden Death.—A man named Thomas G. Evans, one of the firemen on board the steamboat Utica, at New York, while oiling the machinery on Friday morning, was struck by the crank, which broke his jawbone and skull—no hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Newspaper Office Burned.—On Saturday morning last, the office of the Eastern Shore Whig, at Easton, Md., was destroyed by fire, and we regret to state, that it was impossible to save any of the appendages of the office, not even the books and accounts.

Loss of Life.—Three passengers fell from on board the steamboat Ohio Belle, near Bayou Morachalk, on the 10th inst., two of whom were drowned, and the other picked up by the boat of the George Washington, which was just behind the Belle.

Steamboat Home.—The cause growing out of the loss of this vessel, after a full and laborious hearing in New York, which occupied six days, was on Monday evening given to the jury, who the next morning came into Court with a verdict for $11,300.

Great Fire.—The Court House in Exeter, N. H., took fire on Thursday night last, and was entirely destroyed. In the building were an armory, and the machinery of Maelzel's Conflagration of Moscow, all of which was lost.

Firemen's Celebration.—The firemen of New Orleans had a great celebration on the 4th of March, in honor of the anniversary of the day on which the Legislature exempted the department from militia and jury duty.

The Columbia.—The steam ship Columbia, Capt. Judkins, from Boston, arrived at Halifax on the 4th inst. in 44 hours' passage, and left again the same day for Liverpool, having taken on board 12 additional passengers.

The Friday's Storm.—The storm last Friday week was particularly severe at Boston. Chimnies were blown down and fences in every direction. Many vessels dragged their anchors, and many were damaged.

Size of Bread.—The Mayor of N. Orleans has fixed the size of the loaf of bread—40 ounces for 10 cents. In Mobile it has been fixed at 47 ounces for 12 1-2 cents. Why is the weight of *our* loaves not regulated.

Native Steel.—Professor Emmons, of New York, has made a report to the Legislature on the *steel mine* discovered in Franklin county, in that State. Native steel, it is stated, can be dug out of the earth.

Going in Debt.—In New Jersey the expenditures of the State for the current year, will leave a balance of $30,000, to be provided for by a State tax or loan.

A Brilliant Meteor shot across the sky in this vicinity on Monday evening last, about 7 o'clock. It was very beautiful, and attracted much notice.

Killed her Child.—A mother killed her child in New York on Friday, by giving it too much laudanum, to cure a diarrhea.

The Militia of Tennessee numbered on the 1st February, according to the report of the Secretary of war, 60,982.

Horace Risley, was accidentally killed at Manchester, Conn., a day or two ago, by a tree falling on him.

New Pavement.—*Indian Rubber* pavements are talked about in London. Patents have been taken out.

Lottery System.—The Maryland Legislature have adopted a law to abolish the lottery system.

Gen. Jackson.—Ex-President Gen. Andrew Jackson was seventy-four years of age on Monday.

The Hartford City Hotel was sold a day or two ago for forty-one thousand dollars.

The Scarlet Fever is raging in Keene, N. H. It is said to be prevalent here.

Shipwreck and Loss of Lives.—A correspondent of the Advertiser, writing from Plymouth, says that the sloop Belvidere, of Boston, Captain L. Hervey, from Provincetown for Boston, with sand, anchored in the Cow Yard on Friday night. During the snow storm she filled with water—the anchors were slipped and she drifted upon White Flat. About 2 o'clock, A. M. on Saturday, they got the vessel afloat, and in attempting to make the harbor were carried outside of the beach and grounded on Brown's Island.

As the vessel struck, the Captain was knocked over by the boom and drowned. The crew, consisting of four men, clung to the shrouds for four hours, the waves dashing over them every few minutes, when, after two unsuccessful attempts, three were rescued from their perilous situation. The fourth, an Irishman, named James Fearing, became exhausted, and, just as the other men were taken off, fell into the water and was drowned.

A Villainous Trick.—The schooner Margaret Ann, Gates, master, (says the Halifax Recorder) on the 23d ult., bound to St. Johns, sprung aleak, and run for Parrsboro'. When within two or three miles of the shore, near Cape d'Or, she became water-logged, and fell over on her beam ends. Two men jumped into the boat and pulled off, leaving *four males and a female* behind, and although entreated to return to the vessel, they persisted in pulling for the shore, which they reached in such an exhausted state that one of them died about half an hour after; the other (Nelson Dodge) recovered. It is supposed that those who remained on board the vessel must have perished.

Card.

It is with particular pleasure that we, the undersigned, hereby certify that we are perfectly acquainted with Mr. E. N. Scherr's Pianos, as well from our own experience as from the testimonies of those of our friends who at our recommendation have purchased of them, and who have found them to answer their most sanguine expectations.

The brilliancy, fulness, and softness of tone, as well as the chaste and beautiful manner in which the exterior is got up, is not surpassed either in this country or in Europe. The mechanism of them is so perfect, being besides built in the most substantial manner of well seasoned and choice timber, and the exactness with which the smallest part is manufactured and overhauled is so minute, that we without hesitation can recommend them as the most desirable article of the kind that can be obtained. Our friends in the West and South have furthermore found them to stand particularly well the different changes of temperature to which our climate is subject.

Gillespie and Jones.	Thomas C. Rockhill.
Robert M'Gregor.	Smiths and Penrose.
Nicholas Lennig and Co.	James Tams and Co.
John Siter.	George Earp.
Rich'd Ashurst and Sons.	Robert Toland.
M. B. Denman.	J. M. Odenheimer.
Charles Picot.	Caleb Cope and Co.

Welsh, Longenecker and Co.
Philadelphia, March 2, 1841.

Insanity.—*The Indian Vegetable Pills will be found peculiarly adapted to the cure of all disorders of the mind*—because they cleanse and purify the body of those morbid and stagnant humors which are cause, not only of the head ache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, insanity, apoplexy, and many other complaints; but of every malady incident to man. Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills, (*Indian Purgative*) taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time give relief in some of the most intense cases of mental derangement, and if persevered in according to directions, will most assuredly restore the digestive organs to a healthy tone—and the blood to such a just and equal circulation, that all disorders of the mind will vanish, and new life and vigour will be given to the whole frame.

Note.—The Indian Vegetable Pills are certain to thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels of all humors, and other impurity—they are therefore one of the best medicines in the world for Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, and all other Bowel complaints.

☞ The Indian Vegetable Pills are for sale at the General Depot, 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Retail Prices in Market.

Venison, per lb.	10a15	Pigs, whole,	$1a$1½
Terrapins, half doz.	75a$3	Fresh Tripe, per lb.	4a6
Pigs' Feet, set,	12a15	Mince Meat, jar,	$1
Beef, best, per lb.	10a12½	Souse Cheese, lb.	9a10
" middling,	6a8	Dried Plums, qt.	15a20
" Corned,	7a9	Sausages, stuffed lb.	11a12½
Veal,	5a8	Sausage meat,	10a11
Mutton,	5a7	Blood Pudding,	7a8
Pork, fresh, per lb.	6a8	Potatoes, peck,	18a20
" pickled,	6a9	Apples,	25a40
Hams, Jersey, new,	7a8	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a4
" Cured,	10a12	Pickles, per 100,	25a40
Dried Beef,	11a12½	Beets, bunch,	3a4
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Carrots, "	3a4
Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25	Cabbage, head,	3a6
Butter, lb.	20a26	Lettuce, "	1a2
Lard, "	10a12½	Turnips, peck,	15a18
Cheese, "	6a12½	Onions, rope,	5a7
Eggs, per doz.	14a16	Sweet Potatoes, ½ pk.	12a16
Chickens, pair,	50a75	Dried Cherries, qt.	5a6
Pheasants, pair,	75a87½	Lima Beans,	12½
Quails, each,	10a12½	Celery, bunch,	5a6
Turkeys,	75a$1½	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	20a25
Packed Robins,	62a75	" Whortleberries,	12a15
Pigeons, pair,	20a25	Cranberries, qt.	8a10
Shad, pair,	25a$1	Dried Apples, ½ pk.	20a25
Salmon, pickled, lb.	15	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	10a12½
" dry, lb.	25	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	44a50
Flounders, fresh, lb.	6a7	Wheat " "	81a87½
Perch, string,	10a20	Buckwheat, "	60a62
Rock,	15a25	Pumpkins,	3a6
Pickled Cod, lb.	4a5	Chestnuts, per qt.	10a12½
Ducks, pair,	62a75	Walnuts, peck,	25a30
Geese,	50a75	Shellbarks, per qt.	5a6
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Hominy,	8a10
Rabbits,	12a15	Horseradish, root,	2a3

The market is abundantly supplied with every thing seasonable; for the past week, however, they have been confined principally to second hands. Fresh Shad and Oysters are both more than usually abundant, good and cheap for this season of the year.—*Public Ledger.*

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

Bark—The market continues inactive.

Cotton—The demand is quite limited, and prices are fully supported.

Coffee—The cargo of the barque Osceola, 3,000 bags, has been taken on the wharf at an average of about 11¼ cts per lb, on time. Sales in lots at 11 to 12½ cts. as in quality. The sales show a slight advance on previous rates.

Flour and Meal—The receipts continue limited, but the demand for export has increased. Sales to a fair extent at $4.50 per bbl on the Delaware, and $4.37½ to 4.50 on Broad street. Sales for city use at $4.50. Rye Flour—several sales at $2.87½ per bbl, which is a decline. Corn Meal—Sales in bbls at $2.50 for Penna. and $2.62½ for Brandywine Meal.

Grain—No supplies of grain have arrived this week by water. Wheat—A sale of prime Penna. at 95 cents, and some inferior at 87½ cts. Corn is wanted at 41 cents for Southern yellow.

Molasses—A cargo of good Trinidad has been taken at 25½ cts. on time.

Provisions—There has been a fair export demand for Western Pork, with sales at $12.50a$13 per bbl for Mess, and $11 for Prime. Bacon ranges from 9 to 10 cts per lb for Hams, and 7 cts for Sides. Further sales of Lard at 7¾a8 cts for No. 1 Western. Butter—Sales of old stock at 7 to 8½ cts.

Seeds—Sales of Cloverseed at $4.25 to 4.50 per bushel for fair to prime quality.

Sugar—Sales of full 300 hhds. embracing N. Orleans at from 6½ to 7 cts per lb; Porto Rico 8a8½; 3a400 boxes brown Trinidad 7½ cts. all on time.

Teas—Market still inactive and prices steady.

Whiskey—Hhds continue dull of sale at 18a18½ cents. Sales of bbls in small parcels at 21 cts.—*North American.*

Health Office, March 13, 1841.

INTERMENTS
In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.
From the 6th to the 13th March.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Asthma,	2	0	Brought over,	35	36
Abscess of Kidneys,	1	0	Influenza,	1	0
—Lungs,	0	1	Inflammation of Brain,	0	3
—Thigh,	1	0	—Bronchi,	0	6
Apoplexy,	1	0	—Lungs,	6	4
Burns,	0	1	—Stomach & Bowels,	1	1
Cancer,	1	1	Inflammation of the Liver,	1	0
Caries of Spine,	0	1	—Peritoneum,	1	1
Croup,	0	2	Intemperance & Exposure,	1	0
Congestion of Lungs,	0	4	Inanition,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	14	0	Marasmus,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	7	Measles,	0	4
Dropsy,	3	0	Mania a Potu,	1	0
—Abdominal,	1	0	Old Age,	1	0
—Head,	0	6	Palsy,	2	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Pleurisy,	1	0
—Heart,	0	1	Scrofula,	0	2
—Stomach & Bowels,	1	0	Small Pox,	3	5
Debility,	0	1	Still Born,	0	5
Erysipelas,	0	1	Suicide,	1	0
Fever, Typhus,	2	0	Tetanus,	0	1
—Typhoid,	1	0	Unknown,	1	0
Whooping Cough,	0	1	Worms,	0	1
Hernia Strangulated,	1	0			
Carried over,	35	36	Total, 157—	86	71

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, and 21 people of color, which are included in the total amount.
By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March 7,	29	40	47
8,	30	40	40
9,	28	40	45
10,	36	28	35
11,	35	40	47
12,	3.	36	38
13,	28	43	44

TO Teachers and Controllers of Public Schools.—Just published, a new series of Rand's Introduction to Penmanship, in eight parts; with all the engravings entirely new, accompanied by particular instructions on the cover of each.

These books are the result of thirty years's study and practice of this art. The lessons on each page are so clearly expressed, and are so gradually progressive, that the pupil will require very little attention from the teacher.

Notwithstanding the superiority of the plan, execution and paper of these books, they are not more expensive than common ruled copy books, as from their peculiar arrangement they will contain more than double the quantity that can be written on the latter, and are but little higher in price.

Orders from a distance punctually attended to by the Author and publisher, 100 South Ninth street, Philadelphia.

Also for sale as above, new and greatly improved editions of Rand's Copper and Steel engraved works, viz—

No. 1, or the American Penman.
No. 2—Rand's System of Penmanship.
No. 3—Rand's System of Penmanship Abridged.
No. 4—Rand's Practical Small Hand Copies.
No. 5—Rand's Piece Book.
No. 6—Rand's Ornamental Copies.
No. 7—Rand's Xylographic Copies.
No. 8—Rand's Small Hand Copies. m 20-3t

LADIES' Spring Fashions.—C. A. HUDDLESTON & CO. No. 172 Chesnut street, respectfully inform the Ladies that they will open on Saturday, 13th inst. at their MILLINERY and DRESS MAKING establishment, several boxes of SPRING MILLINERY, received by the latest arrivals from France. m13-3t*

ALMANAC.

March, 1841.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.	Moon's Phases.
20 Saturday,	6 4	5 0	12 56	
21 Sunday,	5 39	6 1	12 39	D. H. M.
22 Monday,	5 37	6 3	1 38	
23 Tuesday,	5 36	6 4	2 11	
24 Wednesday,	5 33	6 5	2 57	Full 7 8 34
25 Thursday,	5 33	6 7	3 46	Last 14 9 9
26 Friday,	5 32	6 8	4 46	New 22 9 26
27 Saturday,	5 31	6 9	5 30	First 29 9 33

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 A.M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 3½ A. M & 3½ P. M.	Western at 5 A. M. 8½ P. M.

Married,

In Richmond, Va. on the 3d inst. by the Rev. H. C. Keeling, James B. Price, to Miss Emma Warren, both of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. S. Samuelson, L. Lecht, to Julia Mannheimer, of this city.

On the evening of the 9th inst. Joseph C. Paul, to Maria Grogan.

At Brooklyn, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Cutler, John Seeden, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Col. J. M. Gamble, of the U. S. Marine Corps.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stoddards, Mr. David J. Pollock, to Miss Frances Duff, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Wm. A. Brooks, Mr. Albert Newkirk, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, to Miss Hannah Brooks, daughter of the late John Brooks, of the N. Liberties.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. C. A. Lippencott, Mr. John S. Keyser, to Miss Sarah Ann English, all of Germantown.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Wm Douglass, George A. Collins, of Philadelphia, to Miss Eunice Bavis, of Georgia.

On the 10th inst. in St. Luke's Church, by the Right Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, D. D. the Rev. Edward Waylen, of Devizes, England, to Emily H. youngest daughter of Thomas Nott, of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. Levi Miller, to Sophia Snyder, both of Reading, Pa.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillett, Mr. Cyrus Horne, to Miss Elizabeth Vanderslice, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. James W. Dale, William Wallace, Esq. of Pittsburgh, to Clara, daughter of Thomas F. Gordon, of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Azariah Prior, Mr. Nathan C. Coates, of Philadelphia, to Miss Ellen Grimshaw, of Southwark.

On the 11th inst. before Alderman Christian, with Friends' ceremony, Joseph S. Hance, of Spring Garden, to Elizabeth H. Thorn, of Haddonfield, N. J.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sorin, Mr. David Hewton, of Passyunk Township, to Miss Emma J. Brandt, of Kingsessing, Philadelphia county.

By the Rev. Mr. Ide, Mr. Henry D. Huston, of Philada. to Miss Zilpha C. Blaisdel, of Boston, Mass.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Benj. F. Price, Mr. Andrew Enburg, of Maylandville, to Miss Julia Hamilton, of West Philadelphia.

At Rochester, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Tyron Edwards, Rev. Eli Smith, of Beyroot, Syria, to Maria Ward, eldest daughter of the Hon. Moses Chapin, of Rochester.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 14th inst. Mr. John J. Shipley, to Miss Catharine Gamble.

At West Chester, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. G. T. Bedell, Henry S. Evans, editor of the "Village Record," to Jane, daughter of Dr. Wm. Darlington.

At Detroit, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Bishop McCoskey, C. S. Tripler, Surgeon U. S. Army, to Miss Eunice, daughter of the late Capt. Thos. Hunt, of the 5th regiment infantry.

Revolutionary Hero Gone.—On the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. R. Mottis, Mr. Lemuel Tingly, a revolutionary soldier, aged 80, to Miss Martha Hunt, aged 34, both of Wantage, Sussex county, N. J.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, Mr. Thomas M. Richards, to Mrs. Rebecca G. Hood, all of this city.

Died,

On the 12th inst. Elizabeth, wife of William Yardley, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 14th inst. in the 44th year of her age, Mrs. Catharine Ross.

On the 15th inst. in the 35th year of his age, Mr. James Darrell, formerly of Charleston, S. C.

On Thursday morning, 11th inst. Francis Jenkins, infant son of Dr. A. M. Mitchell, aged 9 months.

On Saturday morning, the 13th inst. after a lingering illness, Sarah Rittenhouse, daughter of Jacob and Abigail Markle, aged 11 years.

On the 13th inst. Susan H. daughter of Jonathan and Sarah Leedom.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Shersocke, in the 60th year of her age.

On Friday morning, 12th inst. Mr. Isaac Winemore, in the 48th year of his age.

On board the ship Helen Mar, at sea, in lat. 15 30, North, long. 30 30 West, out 30 days from Philadelphia, for Montevideo, William Tremper, of this city, aged 40 years.

On the 6th inst. at the residence of his son, Mr. John Orr, near Dividing Creek, N. J. Mr. James Orr, in the 91st year of his age. The subject of this notice emigrated to Philadelphia in the year 1784, and in 1793 removed to Dividing Creek, N. J. where he has ever since lived.

On the 13th inst. in the 16th year of her age, Adaline C. Doak, daughter of John Doak.

On the 14th inst. Jacob, son of Jacob and Mary Ann Weckerly, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. Elizabeth Neumann, wife of Augustus Neumann.

On the 12th inst. Stanislas Vezootes, in the 34th year of his age, after a protracted illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude. He has left a wife and two children to lament his loss.

On the 1st inst. at his residence, Accomack county, Va. after a few days' illness, Capt. Griffin Callahan, (son of the late Rev. Griffin Callahan, a worthy and distinguished minister of the M. E. Church.) Kind and generous in his nature, steadfast in his friendship, and useful, honest and enterprising as a citizen, few have departed this life more universally esteemed. Capt. Callahan was thirty-four years of age at the time of his death, and was well known to many merchants of this city, all of whom will read this obituary notice with feelings of regret. His excellent wife and his five small children have indeed sustained a loss.

On the 12th inst. Thomas Hughes, son of Jas. and Rebecca Hughes, aged 3 years, 6 months and 14 days.

On the 10th inst. in the 5th year of her age, Araminta Amanda, daughter of Job Fithian.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. Mary Simpson, aged 23 years.

On Friday evening, 12th inst. Anna, daughter of John R. and Margaret Griffiths, aged 6 months and 11 days.

Lost overboard, on the 6th inst. off the Capes of the Delaware, from on board the brig Atalanta, from N. York, bound to this port, Henry McDonald, a native of England. It blowing a heavy gale at the time, it was impossible to render him any assistance.

On the 12th inst. John Ritter, son of the late Henry Ritter, of this city, in the 14th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. in the 39th year of his age, John Robinson.

On the 14th inst. after a short but severe illness, William G. Gavitt, formerly of Rhode Island, in the 28th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. Maria L. daughter of Amos and Elizabeth Town, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 15th inst. Emma, daughter of Samuel and Matilda Tomlin, in the 2d year of her age.

On the 15th inst. of consumption, James Kenady, from London, Eng. aged about 40 years.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Ellen Shaw, aged 60 years.

Suddenly, on the 14th inst. Mrs. Ann Stiles, wife of Edward Stiles, Esq. of Carlisle, Pa. and daughter of the late Judge Duncan.

At Patapsco River, on the 10th inst. after a few days' illness, Isaac E. Powell, of Philadelphia, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. at his late residence, Peach Park, Montgomery county, Col. Geo. W. Holstein, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 5th inst. at Downingtown, at the residence of her son-in-law, John Snyder, Ann McDowell, widow of the late Wm. McDowell, aged 86 years.

HALL PAPERS.—Just received a large assortment of French Papers, consisting of Satin, Fresco, Silver and White Extra Hall Papers, &c. together with every variety of their own manufacture. Borders, Views, Fire Screens, &c. all of which are offered whole sale or retail at the lowest possible prices.

FINN & NEWLAND,
No. 142 Chesnut st. above 6th opposite the theatre.
Paper Hangings warranted to be done in the best manner. mar 6 8t

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

It is written in the book of Nature and Common Sense, that the Natural Vegetable Productions of every Country are, if properly applied amply sufficient for the cure of all the Various Maladies incident to that Clime.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH,

Are composed of plants which grow spontaneously upon our own soil, and therefore are far better adapted to our constitutions than medicine concocted from foreign drugs, however well they may be compounded.

It should also be remembered that *The Indian Vegetable Pills* cure every form of disease upon

NATURAL PRINCIPLES;

That is they cleanse and purify the system from those morbid humors, which, when confined to the circulation, are the cause of all kinds of fevers; but when lodged in the various parts of the body, give rise to every ache or pain we suffer.

When a nation is convulsed by riots, outbreaks, and rebellions, the true remedy is to expel all traitors and evil disposed ones from the country. Just so with the human body; when pain or distress of any kind gives evidence that the constitution is struggling with internal foes, our only course is to

ASSIST NATURE

In driving them, as being the cause of disease, from the body.

When we wish to restore a swamp or morass to fertility, we drain it of the superabundant waters; and, in like manner, in order to restore the body to health, we must cleanse it of impurity.

Let it be remembered that the human body, and the

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Are mutually adapted one for the other, and that by them all morbid and corrupt humors, the cause of disease, and be eradicated, in so easy and natural a manner, that while they every day

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

Disease of every kind is literally driven from the body.

The following respectable citizens of Philadelphia, who have been cured, many of them of desperate maladies, when all other means had failed, are offered as evidence as said INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are not only perfectly innocent, but at the same time all powerful in the cure of diseases.

SCROFULA CURED.

A child, about ten years old, of Florentine Benny, living in Colerain Township, Lancaster county, Pa. has been afflicted several years with scrofula in the face and neck, which not only set all the popular remedies of the day at defiance, but actually baffled the skill of the best physicians of the country. After all other means had failed in affording the slightest relief, a trial was made of the

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

The result was, before the first three boxes had been used, the ulcers began to assume a healthy appearance, several pieces of the jaw bone were thrown out and in a short time every vestige of scrofula had disappeared. Several months have now elapsed since using the medicine and so far from their being any appearance of relapse, the child presents every appearance of ROBUST HEALTH.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This will certify that I was attacked in 1833 with violent pain in the side and breast, accompanied by a distressing cough, palpitation of the heart, and other unpleasant complaints, which not only made life a burden, but actually brought me to death's door. During a period of five years I was constantly under the doctor's hands, without receiving the slightest relief. I have tried all the popular medicines of the day with no better success. At length my sufferings had arrived at such a height that hope itself had fled, and nothing appeared left for me but resignation and the grave. One of my neighbors, however, who had been cured of a severe attack of liver complaint by the use of THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, prevailed on me to try them, which I finally did, though with but little hope of benefit. Strange, however, as it may appear, after the first four doses the cough began to leave me. Being thus encouraged, I resolved to persevere with this astonishing medicine, which I am happy to say, has restored me to a state of sound health. Although two years have now elapsed since using the medicine, as above stated, yet I still enjoy good health, and firmly believe that

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

have been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I would earnestly recommend every invalid to make trial of the above valuable medicine, and sincerely believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they would be restored to health.

Signed, PETER CRIST,
Uniontown, Maryland.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART CURED.

Mrs. M——, whose name and address is left at the Office, 169 Race street, Philadelphia, has been afflicted several years with Palpitation of the Heart, pain in the head, giddiness, and many other distressing complaints; and notwithstanding the best medical advice the country could afford has been had, she never has been able to obtain other than partial relief. After being repeatedly urged by her friends to make trial of the

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

she finally consented, and is happy to state that she has received more benefit from them than from all the medicine she has ever used. Is convinced that a continuance in the use of said Pills will, in a short time, make a perfect cure.

CHILLS AND FEVER.

Charles Moullin, living in Locust street, between Broad and Juniper, has been afflicted several months with chills and fevers, which so preyed upon his constitution that he was reduced to a mere shadow. After trying a variety of remedies without receiving any permanent benefit, was prevailed upon by an acquaintance who had been cured of a severe cough and pain in the breast by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills, to try them. Is now happy to state that said Pills not only broke the chills and fever, but restored him in every other respect to a state of sound health. Mr. M. is confident that he is indebted solely to the Indian Vegetable Pills for his restoration to health, and is anxious that all similarly afflicted should know of the wonderful powers of this medicine.

DREADFUL SWELLING OF THE SHOULDER.

Ann Weaver, living at No. 160 Spruce street, was for several months afflicted with a severe pain and swelling of the shoulder, which not only deprived her of the use of the corresponding arm, but her sufferings was often so intense that she seemed at times scarcely able to exist. Notwithstanding various outward applications, still the inflammation continued with unabated violence, until an accumulation of matter took place, which actually crowded the shoulder out of place. It is here proper to remark, that she had the advice of several skilful physicians, none of whom, however, were able to afford but the slightest relief. At length, when all other means had failed, she, as a last resource, made trial of

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

and after using one 25 cent box, the pain was sensibly diminished. It is needless to add, that after using the medicine a few weeks, the pain and inflammation subsided, the joint also settled back into its place, and the strength of the arm gradually returned. Is confident that a perseverance in the use of the medicine, and a few months rest, would make a perfect cure.

HEADACHE AND GIDDINESS.

Charles Hawson, living in Bedford street, between Marlborough and Crown streets, Kensington, has been suffering a long time with pain in the side and breast, headache, giddiness, and many other unpleasant symptoms; has been attended by several physicians, and tried various remedies without the slightest benefit; has been bled, blistered and cupped, and tortured in every possible manner, without receiving any other than partial relief. At length, hearing the Indian Vegetable Pills so highly recommended, was prevailed upon by his friends to make trial of them; has now been using them a few weeks, and, to use his own language, has derived more benefit from them than from all the doctor's stuff he has ever taken. Is now entirely free from all kinds of pain, and his general health so greatly improved that his friends hardly know him; he earnestly invites all invalids to call upon him, and thinks he can convince them that said Indian Vegetable Pills will not only restore them to a state of sound health, but that they are the most astonishing medicine ever offered to the public.

COUGH, PAIN OF THE SIDE AND BREAST.

Joseph Bragg, living 275 St. John street, near Poplar Lane, has been a sufferer for eighteen years with pains in the side and breast, difficulty of breathing, cough, costiveness, &c. and for thirty years has been troubled with palpitation of the heart; has been attended by some of the best doctors in the city, and tried various remedies without receiving any substantial benefit, and finally lost all hope, when, hearing that the Indian Vegetable Pills were performing some

WONDERFUL CURES,

he resolved to give them a trial; although as he confesses, with but little hope of benefit. Strange as it may appear however, the moment he commenced using said Indian Vegetable Pills, the pain in his side and breast began to disappear; has now used four boxes, and the palpitation is entirely stopped, his pains are nearly all gone, and he feels in every respect like a new man; is confident that perseverance in the use of the medicine is all that is wanting in order to restore him to a state of sound health.

His wife also, Mrs. B. has been afflicted many years with

VIOLENT PAIN IN THE SIDE,

extending through to the shoulder blade, indigestion, costiveness, and many other distressing symptoms; and has received the same extraordinary benefit from the use of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills. Although she has taken only a few doses, the pain in her side is nearly gone, and her health, in every respect, greatly improved.

The following respectable citizens have been appointed agents for the sale of the above valuable medicine.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Henry Frees, grocer, Germantown.
James Whitehead, Manayunk.
S. M. Paynter, Westchester.
H. P. Lloyd, Darby.
J. G. Dyer, Chester.
John Zimmerman, Lancaster.
Edmund Wright, near Hinckle's Tavern, Norristown.
Isaiah Smith, Doylestown.
Keim & Sticher, Reading.
Tomlinson & Co. Newtown.
Samuel Saylor, Easton.
P. A. & S. Small, York, York county.
Thomas Shay, Cornwall.
Charles Ogilby, Carlisle.
David Oaks, Chambersburg, Franklin county.
Wm. Bell, Harrisburg.
S. Winchester & Son, Jersey Shore.
John Goddin & Son, Uniontown.
John Thompson, grocer, 153 Liberty street, Pittsburg.
Wm. L. Savage, Germantown, Macon county, Ky.

NEW JERSEY.

Mrs. S. E. Mansell, Camden.
Mrs. A. B. Sailor, Woodbury.
Charles W. Roberts, Salem.
Riley & Reeves, Bridgeton.
James Hildreth, Cape May.
Wm. S. Bacon, May's Landing.
Joseph Cross, Mt. Holly.
Cornelius Kelly, Little Egg Harbor.
Barclay & Pearson, Lawrenceville.
C. C. Yard, Trenton.
W. J. Booth, Princeton.
J. Remer & Brother, Newark.

DELAWARE.

Wm. Solomon & Son, Wilmington.
Thomas Lockwood, Frederica.
James Darling, New Castle.
Edward Quinn, Stanton.
Moses Palmer, Brandywine.
Eli Chandler, near Smith's Bridge.

MARYLAND.

Thomas R. Scott, 361 Baltimore street.
Charles Parker, Elkton.
Evans, Morgan, Havre de Grace.
A. H. Hunt, Frederick city.
F. Humrickhouse, Hagerstown.
Jonathan Butler, Cumberland.
George Reed, Greensboro.

VIRGINIA.

Shipman & Roler, Mount Crawford.
George W. Bell, Accomac county.
James Meior, 96 Union street, Wheeling.
Edward Gunter, near Park Hill, Arkansas, agent for Cherokee Nation.

Offices for the sale of the Indian Vegetable Pills, wholesale and retail, 198 TREMONT STREET, Boston, and 169 RACE STREET PHILADELPHIA. m 13-3m

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 76 south Second street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers, and Filterers, of which upward of three hundred are now in successful operation. The water for use is contained in stone jars, zinc vessels being rejected in consequence of their injurious properties.

Having received instructions from JOHN SANDERSON, the celebrated Filterer preparer, he is now ready to furnish said article as good as those manufactured by the inventor, and always keeps on hand an assortment of the same, warranted equal to any, capable of filtering from 1 to 60 gallons of water per hour. All Filterers warranted for two years.

He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 600 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them for the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.

He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (without using wood or plank of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks, and finished in the best manner.

Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. ja 23-1y

PRIVATE Sale of Land, Mills and Water Power.—The subscriber offers at private sale his property (formerly Jn. Bartons) situated on the big Fishing Creek, in Bloom township, Columbia county, Pa. 2½ miles from Bloomsburg, and 2 from the canal at Espy, containing about 35 acres of land. The improvements are a grist and merchant mill 40 by 55 ft. 3 stories high, with 3 run of stones, 2 burr and 1 country stone, with machinery for cleaning grain, &c. There is adjoining the grist mill a woollen factory 37 by 32 ft. with machinery for manufacturing cloth, sattinett, &c. There are also 3 dwelling houses. In short this property is well worth the attention of business men, having one of the best water powers in the country, having 9 ft. head and fall, with the privilege of turning to the whole of big Fishing Creek, and in a good neighborhood for buying grain.

It is also a first rate situation for iron works, there being iron ore of a good quality within half a mile. Persons wishing to enter into that business would do well to look at this before engaging elsewhere. For further information inquire of the subscriber on the premises.

DAVID PHILLIPS, Espy P. office,
jan 30-3m* Columbia county, Pa.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Popping the Question.

BY THE LATE JAMES G. ANDERSON, ESQ.

I told her that her marble brow,
O'er which her auburn locks were straying,
Was like a drift of purest snow,
Where golden sunset rays are playing.

I told her that her soft blue eyes
Would shame the brightest spheres of heav'n,
That walk the chambers of the skies,
Upon a moonless summer even.

I swore no snowy cloud could vie
In snowy softness with her bosom,
And that her cheek had stole the dye,
From wild rose and magnolia blossom.

I vowed that unto her alone,
My burning heart had worship given;
That should she on its homage frown,
'Twould then to dark despair be driven.

And then I gazed upon her form,
And pressed her small white hand with fervor
—And asked her if, 'mid calm or storm,
She would be mine, and mine forever?

And I swore I'd keep my vows,
As true as rule, or square, or plummet;
But—she placed her finger on her nose,
And told me that—I "COULDN'T COME IT!"

PUNCTUATION.—There cannot be a more striking illustration of the effects of erroneous punctuation, than is contained in the following verse from the old metrical version of the Psalms of David. It was customary for the clerk to recite each line separately, and the congregation then united their voices in chaunting the same.

The Lord will come, and he will not;

The line being accordingly sung, the clerk continued—

Keep silence, but speak out;

Thus involving the sense in two direct contradictions, not existing when properly connected, viz:

The Lord will come, and he will not
Keep silence, but speak out.

DOUBLE QUICK TIME.—An Irish gentleman boasted that he could run twice as fast as any common man.

"How do you make that out Pat?" was the inquiry.

"Why, d'ye see," cried the gentleman, "I runned a race with Murphy the other day, and beat him; and, to-day, I ran a race with Michael Killarney and I beat him too. Then I took Michael and Murphy both together, and we had another race, and I beat both of 'em at once. So, by St. Patrick, I can run as fast as both of 'em put together."

ADVANTAGES OF LITIGATION.—The Plymouth Memorial states that some forty or fifty years ago, there lived a man in Plymouth county, who was very fond of litigation, so much so, as to have a case in almost every court, and it was by no means unfrequently the case, that he came off second best. One day he asked an eminent lawyer, whom he sometimes employed, the reason of his poor success. "Don't you know," said the lawyer? Then I will tell you. The reason is simply this. You cannot empanel a jury of twelve men in Plymouth county, but that you have cheated eleven."

WELLERISMS.—A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," as the donkey said to his owner.

"Time and tide waits for no man," as the wooden clock said when it floated down the stream.

"Beware of counterfeits," as the doctor said when he made brown bread pills.

"You are beneath my notice," as the buzzard said when he flew over the whale.

"Every body is looking at us," as the office-seeker said, when riding in the carriage with General Harrison.

THE OLD ROMAN.—The Boston Post relates the following anecdote of General Jackson: He must be hickory yet, and will never let the whigs alone. A few days ago, he visited Jackson county, Tennessee. While he was there, a large number of ladies called to pay their respects to him. "Girls," said the old Roman, "I have an important piece of advice to give you; be sure to marry whig husbands, and then, if they do not renounce their party, *kick them out of bed.*"

DR. JOHNSON.—Dr. Johnson very beautifully remarks, that when a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliation for every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impression—a thousand favors unperformed—and wish for his return, not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which we never before understood."

THE LATE ELEPHANT.—Mr. Canning and another gentleman were looking at a picture of the Deluge; the ark was in the middle distance, in the foreground, or 'fore-sea, an elephant was seen struggling with his fate. "I wonder," said the gentleman, "that the elephant did not secure an inside place in the ark." "He was too late," replied Canning, "he was detained *packing up his trunk.*"

RETORT.—A clergyman in Maine, was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose." "Yes sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning." "A similar event," replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time."

CONTENTMENT.—A gentleman, it is said, had a board put on a part of his land, on which was written, "I will give this field to any one who is really contented;" and when an applicant came, he always said, "Are you contented?" The general reply was, "I am." "Then," rejoined the gentleman, "why do you want my field?"

A KNOWING ONE.—"Is Jonathan Dumpy here?" asked a raw country fellow, bolting into a city printing office. "I don't know such a man," replied the foreman. "Don't you know him?" exclaimed Jonathan, "why he courted my sister!"

FOLLY.—"In this country," says an English editor, "it is considered the height of folly for a man to get drunk and lie across a railroad with the idea of obtaining repose." The same opinion obtains to a considerable extent in America.

CHILDREN.—Of all sights which can soften and humanize the heart of man, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children, enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion.

LACONIC.—Never despise a man because his employment is mean, or his clothing is bad. The bee is an insect that is not very pleasing to the sight, yet its hive affords an abundance of honey.

TOBACCO.—"Hallo there! I say! Murder! Fire! Watch! Gridirons! Brimstone! Helloah-oo!" "Ho, ho, what's the matter! what is the matter?" "Why I'm out of tobacco—got any about ye?"

SOCRATES.—When Socrates was told by a friend that the judges had sentenced him to death, he replied "and hath not nature passed the same sentence upon them?"

A BULL.—A London newspaper announces that Governor Porter, of the state of Baltimore, has pronounced General Harrison President of the United States!!!

QUITE SMART.—A notorious sharper having observed that there was no knowing one's friends till they were tried, was asked if most of his had not been TRIED.

FAT MAN.—They have a man in Connecticut so large and fat that the professors of old Yale use him to get up eclipses of the sun and moon.

GOOD.—The Boston Mail says: Why is the editor of the Post like ground corn? Because he is no longer a *kernel.*

Marriage by Proxy.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THAT CEREMONY IN THE EARLY AGES.

In marriage by proxy it was formerly the custom for the proxy to introduce his right leg up to the knee into the bed of the princess whom he married. Louis de Baviare, who married the Princess Marie de Bourgogne, daughter of Charles, duke of Bourgogne, in the name of Archduke Maximilian of Austria, performed this ceremony. The object of the ceremony was to render the marriage more certain, it being supposed that the princess who had submitted to this kind of approach on the part of a man, could not depart from her engagement and take another husband.

It is said that the Emperor Maximilian was married by proxy to Anne de Bretagne, who, nevertheless, afterwards married Charles the Eighth of France, her marriage with Maximilian never having been consummated. But, from a scruple of conscience, or some other cause, historians relate that it was necessary to have recourse to the arguments of many theologians, and to examples drawn from holy writ, before the lady could be brought to listen to the proposition of her marriage with Charles the Eighth.

If the early historians may be believed, the first marriage by proxy was that of Clovis of France with Clotilde; Aurele having, it is said, married Clotilde at the court of Bourgogne, in the name of Clovis, his master by giving her a ring and other pledges of a legitimate marriage. The ancient practice of placing the proxy's leg in the bed of the bride is long since discontinued.

It existed, however, in Poland in the time of Herera, who, in speaking of the marriage of Cardinal Radzivil with the Archduchess Ann of Austria, says that the proxy of king Sigismund, the Third slept completely armed at the side of the new queen.

An Old Newspaper.

There is nothing more beneficial to the reflecting mind than the perusal of an old newspaper. Though a silent preacher, it is one which conveys a moral more palpable and forcible than the most elaborate discourse. As the eye runs down its diminutive and old fashioned columns, and peruses its quaint advertisements and by-gone paragraphs, the question forces itself on the mind—where are the busy multitudes whose names appear on those pages?—where is the puffing auctioneer, the pushing tradesmen, the bustling merchant, the calculating lawyer, who each occupies a space in this chronicle of departed time? Alas? their names are now only to be read on the sculptured marble which covers their ashes: They have passed away like their forefathers, and are no more to be seen! From these considerations the mind naturally turns to the period when we, who now enjoy our little span of existence in this chequered scene, shall have gone down into the dust, and shall furnish the same moral to our children that our forefathers do to us! The sun will then shine as bright, the flowers will bloom as fair, the face of nature be as pleasing as ever, while we are reposing in our narrow cell, heedless of every thing that once charmed and delighted us!

A Retort.

When the Constitution was at Malta, in 183—, a portion of her officers attended a ball given by the Governor at that place; which by the way, was the residence of the Grand Master of the far-famed knights of Malta. During the evening, as one of our officers was conversing with a lady of the place, a very foppish, but, nevertheless, what the ladies would call a splendid looking officer, in the scarlet uniform of the English army, passed by. "Oh!" says the lady "do introduce me to that splendid man." It happened that our officer was acquainted with him, so he crossed over and made known the lady's wishes. Upon hearing them, our would be Brummel drew himself up to his full extent, and muttered in the drawling tones of fashionable parlance, "Ah! in-d-e-e-d! trot her out! trot her out!" at the same time settling down his cravat and putting on a most killing attitude. Of course after such an answer the American Officer ascertained the lady's wishes before the introduction. Never mind, never mind, says she, "show him here." This the officer was doing, and as he approached with the exquisite, the lady, putting up her glass and surveying the creature from top to toe, at the same time motioning back her hand, exclaimed; "Ah! ha, he w-o-n-'t do—he w-o-n-'t do! trot him back!"—*Portland Transcript.*

An Undecided Bride.

On Thursday morning week, a lady and gentleman, who were unattended, presented themselves at St. Ann's Church, with the avowed intention of being converted into man and wife. Both, apparently, were in the best of humor with themselves and each other. When all the preliminaries had been arranged, and the reverend gentleman was waiting to execute his part of the ceremony, the lady (who had, for some moments previously, been observed to exhibit an appearance of indecision) entered into conversation with her intended in a subdued tone, the word "regret," however, being distinctly audible. The expectant bridegroom, after many apologies for the trouble which he had occasioned, informed the clergyman that they would take a little longer time to consider of the matter, and would "call again to-morrow." This was the fourth unsuccessful attempt which the gentleman had made to lead the fair one to the "hymenial altar;" but she was evidently as yet unprepared for the sacrifice. On one occasion the parties presented themselves at the church after the time prescribed by the rubric; twice they made appointments with officiating ministers which they did not keep, and on the fourth occasion, the result was as above stated.—*English paper.*

Cold Bed Rooms.

A person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The natural heat of his body will very speedily render him even more comfortably warm, than the individual who sleeps in a heated apartment and in a bed thus artificially warmed, and who will be extremely liable to a sensation of chilliness as soon as the artificial heat is dissipated. But this is not all—the constitution of the former will be rendered more robust, and far less susceptible to the influence of atmospherical vicissitudes, than than of the latter.—*Journal of Health.*

Wives.

I am acquainted with a great many good wives, notable, and so managing that they make a man every thing but *happy*—and I know a great many others, who sing, and paint, and play, and cut paper, and are so accomplished that they have no time to be *agreeable*, and no time to be useful.—Pictures and fiddles, and every thing but agreeableness and goodness, can be had for money; but as there is no market where pleasant manners, and engaging conversation, and christian virtues are to be bought, methinks it is a pity the ladies do not oftener try to provide them at home.

Advertisement.

The Polynesian, published in the Sandwich Island, contains several advertisements of large quantities of merchandize, looking quite business like. There are also some *small* things, and the following among them:

SAM & MOW.
Bakers from Canton.
Good people all—walk in and buy
Of Sam & Mow, good cake and pie;
Bread hard or soft, for land or sea.
"Celestial" made, come buy of we.

Home.

Shakspeare, who embellished every thought, thus finely inculcates the propriety and good policy of making home and home pleasures the centre round which the heart-strings should be twined:—

"Stay at home and take an old man's counsel;
Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth;
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire.
Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,
And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.

Valentine and Orson.

There is a house so named in Long Lane, Bermondsey. It would appear to have originated with some romantic reader, who had been affected with the tale of these two brothers, who were sons of the emperor of Constantinople, Alexander, who married the beautiful sister of Pepin, king of France, named Bellisant; who being banished by the emperor during her pregnancy, having been falsely accused by his prime minister, she took refuge in the forest of Orleans, in France, where she was delivered of male twins; one of which was taken from her by a she-bear and suckled by it for some time—hence called Orson. The other being discovered by the king, Pepin, her brother, during her search after Orson, was brought up at the court of his uncle. Orson being a terror to the neighborhood when he grew up, was overcome by his brother, and tamed so far as to be brought to court. Shortly after overcoming the Green Knight, he received the hand of the Lady Fezon, previous to which he had attained the power of speech; and Valentine married Eglantine, the king's daughter, when they discovered they were cousins.

Female Education.

What will the "school marm" say when she reads the following extract of a letter!

"I shall write to you agin our long, je cermmine told me a orful story about suke tylor but i doddent pay no attenshun at all to his sickaning tail
yourn till deth parts both on us
JERUSHY BIGELOW.

CUTTON.—"Well, Mr. Grocer, how much do you ask for your sugar?"

"Nine pence a pound."

"How much a hogshead?"

"Well, about forty dollars."

"I'll take a cent's worth of cigars, if you please."

SAFE KEEPING.—When the question was agitated in London, which would be the safest place to put Napoleon, so that he could not get out, a gentleman who had a long suit depending, advised ministers to put him in a *court of chancery.*

From the Louisville Journal.

We are but Three.

We are but three! a mystic chain,
Whose links are sunder'd far and wide,
Never to reunite again,
Whatever good or ill betide!
The birds have left the parent-nest
To roam the weary world for rest,
And, like the dove that left the ark,
They find but waters waste and dark!

We are but three! and each hath now
A home within a stranger clime,
And on each heart, and on each brow,
Are left the finger prints of time;
Oh! weary longing for the dower,
Of some bright fairy or the power
Of mighty genii, to roll back
Oblivion from life's varied track!

We are but three! the oldest one
Hath drained life's chalice to the lees,
Ere reach'd the zenith manhood's sun,
Or ebb'd the tide upon life's seas.
The world such bitter change hath wrought
In the unwearying fount of thought,
One scarce would deem that less than age
Could thus despoil youth's glowing page!

As for myself, I have not much
To say in fortune's favor yet:
It is a theme I would not touch—
It only wakens vain regret:
Fit emblem mine—a murmuring lute,
Whose broken strings are never mute,
The low wind stealing o'er its chords,
Making it speak some mournful words!

We are but three! the youngest born
As one who stands on ocean's verge,
And throwing all the flowers of morn
Upon the white and foamy surge;
Or as a sweet imprison'd lark,
Whose spirit, like its cage, is dark—
Forgetting all the songs of yore—
The bursts of melody are o'er!

And, yet, I know that summer flowers
May spring up in our weary way,
Life hath its sunshine and its showers,
As well as any April day!
And there is many a golden link
As we draw nearer to life's brink—
Links, that are held by angel hands
To draw our hearts to Eden-lands!

Clark's Mills, O. EDWINA.

From Bulwer's "Night and Morning."

The Coiner's Den.

The coiners were at their work. A man, seated on a stool before a desk, was entering accounts in a large book. That man was William Gawtrey. While, with the rapid precision of honest mechanics, the machinery of the dark trade went on in its several departments, apart—alone—at the foot of a long table sat Philip Morton. The truth had exceeded his darkest suspicions. He had consented to take the oath not to divulge what was to be given to his survey; and, when led into that vault, the bandage was taken from his eyes, it was some minutes before he could fully comprehend the desperate and criminal occupations of the wild forms amid which towered the burly stature of his benefactor. As the truth slowly grew upon him, he shrunk from the side of Gawtrey; but, deep compassion for his friend's degradation swallowing up the horror of the trade, he flung himself on one of the rude seats, and felt that the bond between them was indeed broken, and that the next morning he should be again alone in the world. Still, as the obscene jests, the fearful oaths that from time to time rang through the vault, came on his ear, he cast his haughty eye in such disdain over the groups, that Gawtrey, catching it, trembled for his safety; and nothing but the sense of his own impotence, and the brave, not timorous, desire not to perish by such hands, kept silent the fiery denunciations of a nature, still proud and honest, that quivered on his lips. All present were armed with pistols and cutlasses except Morton, who suffered the weapons presented to him to lie unheeded on the table.

"*Courage, mes amis!*" said Gawtrey, closing his book; "*courage!* A few months more, and we shall have made enough to retire upon, and enjoy ourselves for the rest of our days.—Where is Birnie?"

"Did he not tell you?" said one of the artisans, looking up. "He has found out the cleverest hand in France—the very fellow who helped Bouchard to all his five-franc pieces.—He has promised to bring him to-night."

"Ay, I remember," returned Gawtrey; "he told me this morning; he is a famous decoy!"

"I think so, indeed," quoth a comer: "for he caught you, the best head to our hands that ever *les industriels* were blessed with—*sacre fichtre!*"

"Flatterer!" said Gawtrey, coming from the desk to the table, and pouring out wine from one of the bottles into a huge flagon: "To your healths!"

Here the door slided back, and Birnie glided in.

"Where is your booty, *mon brave?*" said Gawtrey. "We only coin money; you coin men, stamp with your own deal, and send them current to the devil!"

The coiners, who liked Birnie's ability, (for the *ci-devant* engraver was of admirable skill in their craft,) but who hated his joyless manners, laughed at the taunt, which Birnie did not seem to heed, except by a malignant gleam of his dead eye.

"If you mean the celebrated coiner, Jacques Giraumont, he waits without. You know our rules—I cannot admit him without leave."

"*Bon!* we give it, eh, *messieurs?*" said Gawtrey.

"Ay—ay," cried several voices. "He knows the oath, and will bear the penalty."

"Yes, he knows the oath," replied Birnie, and glided back.

In a moment more he returned with a small man in a mechanic's *blouse*. The new-comer wore the republican beard and moustache, of a sandy-grey; his hair was of the same color; and a black patch over one eye increased the ill-favored appearance of his features.

"*Diable!* Monsieur Giraumont! but you are more like Vulcan than Adonis!" said Gawtrey.

"I don't know any thing about Vulcan, but I know how to make five-franc pieces," said Monsieur Giraumont, doggedly.

"Are you poor?"

"As a church mouse! the only thing belonging to a church, since the Bourbons came back, that *is* poor."

At this sally the coiners, who had gathered round the table, uttered the shout with which, in all circumstances, Frenchmen receive a *bon mot*.

"Humph!" said Mr. Gawtrey. "Who responds with his own life for your fidelity?"

"I," said Birnie.

"Administer the oath to him."

Suddenly four men advanced, seized the visiter, and bore him from the vault to another one within. After a few moments they returned.

"He has taken the oath and heard the penalty."

"Death to yourself, your wife, your son, and your grandson, if you betray us!"

"I have neither son nor grandson; as for my wife, Monsieur le Capitaine, you offer a bribe instead of a threat when you talk of *her* death!"

"*Sacre!* but you will be an addition to our circle, *mon brave!*" said Gawtrey, laughing, while again the grim circle shouted applause.

"But I suppose you care for your own life?"

"Otherwise I should have preferred starving to coming here," answered the laconic neophyte.

"I have done with you. Your health!"

On this the coiners gathered round Monsieur Giraumont, shook him by the hand, and commenced many questions with a view to ascertain his skill.

"Show me your coinage first; I see you use both the die and the furnace. Hem! this piece is not bad! you have struck it from an iron die? tight—it makes the impression sharper than plaster of Paris. But you take the poorest and the most dangerous part of the trade in taking the Home Market. I can put you in a way to make ten times as much, and with safety; look at this!"

And Monsieur Giraumont took a forged Spanish dollar from his pocket, so skillfully manufactured that the *connoisseurs* were lost in admiration—"you may pass thousands of these all over Europe except France, and who is ever to detect you? But it will require better machinery than you have here."

Thus conversing, Monsieur Giraumont did not perceive that Mr. Gawtrey had been examining him very cautiously and minutely. But Birnie had noted their chief's attention, and once attempted to join his new ally, when Gawtrey laid his hand on his shoulder and stopped him.

"Do not speak to your friend till I bid you, or ——— he stopped short, and touched his pistols.

Birnie grew a shade more pale, but replied with his usual sneer,

"Suspicious! Well, so much the better!" and, seating himself carelessly at the table, lighted his pipe.

"And now, Monsieur Giraumont," said Gawtrey, as he took the head of the table, "come to my right hand. A half holyday in your honor. Clear these infernal machines; and more wine, *mes amis!*"

The party arranged themselves at the table. Among the desperate there is almost entirely a tendency to mirth. A solitary ruffian is moody, but a gang of ruffians are jolly. The coiners talked and laughed loud. Mr. Birnie, from his dogged silence, seemed apart from the rest, though in the centre; and in a noisy circle, a silent tongue builds a wall around its owner.—But that respectable personage kept a furtive watch upon Giraumont and Gawtrey, who appeared talking together very amicably toward the bottom of the table. The younger novice of that night, equally silent, was not less watchful than Birnie. An uneasy, undefinable foreboding had come over him since the entrance of Monsieur Giraumont; this had been increased by the manner of Mr. Gawtrey. His faculty of observation, which was very acute, had detected something false in the chief's blandness to their guest—something dangerous in the glittering eye that Gawtrey ever as he spoke to Giraumont, bent on that person's lips as he listened to his reply. For whenever William Gawtrey suspected a man, he watched, not his eyes but his lips.

Waked from his scornful reverie, a strange spell fascinated Morton's attention to the chief and the guest, and he bent forward, with parted mouth and straining ear, to catch their conversation.

"It seems to me a little strange," said Mr. Gawtrey, raising his voice so as to be heard by the party, "that a coiner so dexterous as Monsieur Giraumont should not be known to any of us except our friend Birnie."

"Not at all," replied Giraumont; "I worked only with Bouchard and two others, since sent to the galleys. We were but a small fraternity; every thing has its commencement."

"C'est juste; buvez donc, cher ami!"

The wine circulated; Gawtrey began again.

"You have had a bad accident, seemingly, Monsieur Giraumont: how did you lose your eye?"

"In a scuffle with the gens d'armes the night Bouchard was taken and I escaped: such misfortunes are on the cards."

"C'est juste: buvez donc, Monsieur Giraumont!"

Again there was a pause, and again Gawtrey's deep voice was heard,

"You wear a wig, I think, Monsieur Giraumont? To judge by your eyelashes, your own hair has been a handsomer color."

"We seek disguise, not beauty, my host! and the police has sharp eyes."

"C'est juste, buvez donc—vieux Renard!—when did we two meet last?"

"Co n'est, pas vrai! buvez donc, Monsieur Favart!"

At the sound of that name the company started in dismay and confusion, and the police officer, forgetting himself for the moment, sprung from his seat, and put his right hand into his *blouse*.

"Ho, there! treason!" cried Gawtrey, in a voice of thunder; and he caught the unhappy man by the throat.

It was the work of a moment. Morton, where he sat, beheld a struggle—he heard a death cry. He saw the huge form of the master coiner rising above the rest, as cutlasses gleamed and eyes sparkled round. He saw the quivering and powerless frame of the unhappy guest, raised aloft in those mighty arms, and presently it was hurled along the tables—bottles crashing—the board sinking beneath its weight—and lay before the very eyes of Morton, a distorted and lifeless mass. At the same instant Gawtrey sprang upon the table, his black frown singling out from the group the ashen, cadaverous face of the shrinking traitor. Birnie had darted from the table—he was half way toward the sliding door—his face, turned over his shoulder, met the eyes of his chief.

"Devil!" shouted Gawtrey, in his terrible voice, which the echoes of the vault gave back from side to side, "did I not give thee up my soul that thou might'st not compass my death? Hark ye! thus dies my slavery and all our secrets!" The explosion of his pistol half swallowed up the last word, and, with a single groan, the traitor fell on the floor, pierced through the brain; then there was a dead and grim hush, as the smoke rolled slowly along the roof of the dreary vault.

Morton sank back on his seat, and covered his face with his hands. The last seal on the face of THE MAN OF CRIME was set; the last wave in the terrible and mysterious tide of his destiny had dashed on his soul to the shore where there is no return. Vain, now and henceforth, the humor, the sentiment, the kindly impulse, the social instincts which had invested that stalwarth shape with dangerous fascination, which had implied the hope of ultimate repentance, of redemption even in the world. The Hour and the CIRCUMSTANCE had seized their prey; and the self defence, which a lawless career rendered a necessity, left the eternal die of blood upon his doom!

"Friends, I have saved you," said Gawtrey, slowly gazing on the corpse of his second victim, while he returned the pistol to his belt; "I have not quailed before this man's eye (and he spurned the clay of the officer, as he spoke, with a revengeful sneer) without treasuring up its aspect in my heart of hearts. I knew him when he entered—knew him through his disguise—yet, faith, it was a clever one! Turn up his face and gaze on him now; he will never terrify us again, unless there be truth in ghosts!"

Murmuring and tremulous, the coiners scrambled on the table and examined the dead man. From this task Gawtrey interrupted them, for his quick eye detected, with the pistols under the policeman's blouse, a whistle of metal of curious construction, and he conjectured at once that danger was yet at hand.

"I have saved you, I say, but only for the hour. This deed cannot sleep; see, he had help within call. The police know where to look for their comrade—we are dispersed. Each for himself. Quick, divide the spoils! *Sauve qui peut!*"

Then Morton heard where he sat, his hands still clasped before his face, a confused hubbub of voices, the jingle of money, the scramble of feet, the creaking of doors—all was silent!

A strong grasp drew his hands from his eyes.

"Your first sense of life against life," said Gawtrey's voice, which seemed fearfully changed to the ear that heard it. "Bah! what would you think of a battle? Come, to our eyrie; the carcasses are gone."

Morton looked fearfully round the vault. He and Gawtrey were alone. His eyes sought the places where the dead had lain—they were removed—no vestige of the deeds, not even a drop of blood.

"Come, take up your cutlass, come, come!" repeated the voice of the chief, as, with his dim lantern, now the sole light of the vault, he stood in the shadow of the doorway.

Morton rose, took up the weapon mechanically, and followed that terrible guide, mute and unconscious, as a soul follows a dream through the house of Sleep!

The Whirlwind.

BY MISS JULIET H. LEWIS.

The Whirlwind "would take a walk one day,"
(And a very fast "walker is he,"
So bustling about,
He at length set out,
With a step light blithe and free.

'Twas plainly seen, as he rush'd along,
He was bent upon frolic that day;
He whistled with glee—
Or sang merrilie,
For his heart was glad and gay.

His path lay straight through the dark greenwood,
And away o'er the mountain's broad brow;
His track you might trace,
In every place,
For he left his marks, I trow.

The Ash was the first to hear his voice.
And she shook through each branch at the sound;
The timid young tree,
Trembled fearfully,
As she sank upon the ground.

The HICK'RY beheld his sister fall,
And exclaimed with an ill-natured sneer—
"She's nervous to-day,
And doth faint away;
Such weakness can't flourish here!"

As onward the Whirlwind came, he heard
The rude scoffer unfeelingly jest;
So wrenching about,
His old trunk so stout,
The strong one was laid at rest.

The Pine saw the Hickory's shivered trunk,
And bowed low, as the wind whistled past;
But the courtesy
Of the nodding tree,
Did not save him from the blast.

The Oak in defiance tossed his head,
For a veteran right bold is he—
But a single stroke
Felled the mighty Oak;
Alas! for the proud old tree!

On! onward still! and his mighty breath
Flings an anthem of glad triumph now,
And he laughs to see
Each old forest tree,
At his coming, meekly bow.

The blooming Haw heard the Whirlwind's voice,
And it filled her with weighty alarms;
But he loved the blush
Of the flow'ring bush,
And bore her off in his arms.

On! onward still! o'er the land he sweeps,
With wreck, and ruin, and rush, and roar,
Nor stops to look back
On his dreary track,
But speeds to the spoils before!

Lady's Department.

Dress.

"As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress."

GOLDSMITH.

To appear well in dress is peculiarly desirable in women, and, as an excellent writer observes, "It is to be received as an unequivocal symbol of those qualities which we seek in a wife. It indicates cleanliness, sweetness—a love of order and universal propriety. What then is there to censure in a moderate consideration of dress?—Nothing. We may blame where we find extravagance, profusion, and misappropriation—subjection to the tyranny of fashion, slavery to vanity—in short, bad taste. Hence a due consideration and attention to dress, especially with females, becomes an object of no small concern. Modesty, as well as any other of the female graces, no less than vanity is displayed or indicated by dress.

The nature of dress is often subject to the influence of prevailing fashion; without either utility or propriety. Fashion gives absolute sway to certain notions, and abolishes every previous idea of beauty or elegance which is not in strict accordance with its immediate tenets. That which at one time would have excited the blush of modesty, shall suddenly be considered becoming and elegant, and that which has been esteemed proper and useful shall in like manner suddenly be considered superfluous and vain. Indeed, fashion exerts an influence in changing expeditiously, and often absurdly, the opinions of society in these particulars, as well as the moral affections according to the most extravagant fancy. But the real standard of beauty is not so changeable. When least subject to the folly and madness of fashion, and arrayed with neatness and taste, the female appears more interesting and lovely—

"Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

A certain degree of attention to dress, but short of devotedness, is necessary and laudable; for, as Lavater observes, "Young women who neglect the toilet, and who manifest but very little concern about dress, indicate a general disregard for order—a mind ill adapted to the details of housekeeping—a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love—they will be careless of every thing. On the contrary, devotedness to dress, pursuing all the frivolities and caprice of fashion, indicates a deficiency of those good and sound qualities which we wish to see in mothers, and which are characteristic of women of intellectual worth, prudence, and discretion."

Woman.

Perhaps a more just and beautiful compliment was never paid to woman than the following from Judge Story:—"To the honor, to the eternal honor of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence, and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded—but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her; on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays the undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them—that resignation which neither utters murmurs nor regret; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.

The Worth of Woman.

Honored be Woman! she beams on the sight
Graceful and fair as a being of light;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss o'er our thorn-covered ways—
Roses of Paradise sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man, on Passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountain high,
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at Reason's feeble cry;
Louder the tempest roars around him,
Loud still it roars within;
Flashing lights of hope confound him;
Stuns him life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil and be happy awhile—
Whispering woningly, "Come to my bower!
Go not in search of the phantom power;
Honor and wealth are illusory—Come!
Happiness dwells in the temple of home!"

Man, with fury, stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother man;
Reckless if he bless or ravage—
Action, action still his plan;
Now creating, now destroying,
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast;
Ever seeking; ne'er enjoying,
Still to be, but never blest.

Woman, contented, in silent repose,
Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart—
Far richer than man with his treasures of art;
And wiser by far in her circle confined
Than he with his science and lights of the mind.

Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentler art,
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of heart.
Slowly through his bosom stealing
Flows the genial current on,
Till by Age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp that instinctively rings,
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,
Responds to each impulse with steady reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try;
And tear drops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like sunshine and showers of a morning in May.

Through the range of Man's dominion,
Terror is the ruling word;
And the standard of opinion
Is the temple or the sword;
Strife exults, and Pity, blushing,
From the scene departing flies,
Where, to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control,
She rules by enchantment the realm of the soul;
As she glances around in the light of her smile
The war of the passions is hushed for a while,
And Discord, content from its fury to cease,
Reposes entranced on the pillow of peace.

TRUE.—A woman's courage is always the courage of the mind—the highest description of valor of which the human soul is capable.

Agriculture.

Work for March.

IN THE GARDEN.

Hot-bed plants.—If you have any plants growing in hot-beds, be careful every fair, moderate, sunny day, about noon to raise the sashes up a little to let in fresh air, and to let them remain up a few hours. The plants will be greatly benefitted by occasional waterings. For all such applications the middle of the day should be selected.

Cauliflowers.—The seed of this delicious vegetable, if not sown last, or the preceding month, may now be sown, and should the season prove not too hot will make very fair heads.

Cabbages.—If you have been so provident as to have provided yourself with a bed of cabbage plants for early use, you may about the middle of this month transplant them in the open ground, first taking the precaution to season them to the weather by exposure for a week before their removal. Be sure too, to manure your bed well, spade it deep and thoroughly pulverize the soil. The plants should be placed two and a half feet apart each way.

Sowing the Seed.—If you have not a bed of plants, lose no time to prepare a bed and sow your seed. An open border, facing the south, well manured and dug, will answer now without glasses, provided that it be covered of nights when frost is feared, until the plants get of some height.

Sowing Peas.—As early as you can possibly get your ground ready, in good order, sow all the varieties of *early peas*, taking care to manure the ground well and thoroughly pulverize it. As soon as they are two inches high, stir the ground well around them and between the rows, (which should be 3½ feet apart.) Work them in a week more, and when six inches high work them again; after which you may stick them and lay them by.

Lettuce.—Lettuce plants may be now transplanted into warm borders or beds of southern exposure.

Lettuce seed should now be sown, at intervals of a week or two, so that the supply may be continuous.

Radishes should now be sown at such intervals of time as will ensure a constant supply.

Carrots, Parsnips and *Beets* for early use may all be sown this month as soon as you can prepare the soil and get it into a good condition. In manuring recollect that well rotted manure answers best for each of these roots, and that the soil best adapted to their cultivation is a deep rich loam. The whole mystery of their cultivation consists in keeping them clean, the earth well stirred around but not drawn up to them. As soon as either get to be two inches high, hand-weed and thin them out. The *carrots* should stand in the rows from two to three inches apart—the rows twelve inches asunder—the *parsnips* six inches apart, the rows two feet asunder—the *beets* from ten to twelve inches apart, the rows two feet asunder.

Brocoli intended for early autumnal use should be sown this month as early as possible.

Asparagus beds.—Dress and fork your asparagus beds. Be sure to fork every part so that all may be lightened up alike. Beds must also be planted out this month. If you have neither *asparagus beds* or *plants*, about the middle of this month sow some seed on four feet wide beds, the soil to be loamy and rich, and the latter quality improved by a plentiful dose of good fat manure.

Onions.—Select a rich loamy bed in your garden, manure it with a hand that knows not what stint is, lay it off into four feet beds, with one foot alleys between them—dig and pulverise well—plant your onions in drills one foot apart—when they come up and get high enough for thinning, thin them out to stand three inches apart in the rows; keep the weeds always under; the ground well stirred, but do not hill up the bulbs, and you will make good onions the first season.

If you have onion sets, the sooner they are placed out the better, to be treated as above named.

Leeks, Garlic, Shallots and *Chives* must all be sown this month, as well as all kinds of herb seed.—*American Farmer.*

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

In answer to the Geographical Enigma, contained therein of the 2nd of January.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 4, 8, 18, 20, 13, 14, is a country in Europe.—Turkey.
My 3, 2, 17, 13, 9, is a town in Massachusetts.—Salem.
My 4, 2, 8, 4, 2, 12, 6, 14, is a country in Asia.—Tartary.
My 16, 18, 6, 20, is a town in Ireland.—Cork.
My 1, 13, 16, 16, 3, is a town in Arabia.—Mecca.
My 3, 2, 6, 20, is an island near Ireland.—Sark.
My 11, 5, 16, 17, 2, is a burning mountain.—Hecla.
My 5, 8, 12, 18, 10, 12, is one of the grand divisions of the globe.—Europe.
My 17, 14, 9, 5, is a town in Connecticut.—Lyme.
My 2, 6, 13, 2, 6, 2, 4, is a mountain in Asia.—Ararat.
My 10, 13, 6, 6, is a country in South America.—Peru.
My 16, 7, 2, 6, 17, 13, 3, is a cape in the United States.—Charles.
My 10, 13, 12, 6, 14, is a town in Ohio.—Perry.
My 1, 2, 13, 3, 8, 16, 11, 6, 13, 5, 4, 4, 3, is one of the U. States.—Massachusetts.
My 1, 2, 14, is a cape in the U. States.—May
My 20, 2, 1, 3, 16, 11, 2, 4, 20, 2, is a county in Asia.—Kamschatka.
My 5, 20, 1, 5, is a city in Europe.—Rome.
My 2, 17, 17, 13, 10, 10, 16, is a city in Asia.—Aleppo.
My 3, 2, 16, 10, is a town in Maine.—Saco.
My 10, 4, 4, 13, 6, is a river in Vermont.—Otter.
And my whole is *Master Humphrey's Clock.*

A CREOLE OF MISSISSIPPI.

DEAFNESS.—TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS.—*An Infallible Remedy for Deafness.*—The great success which has attended the application of this valuable remedy in some hundred cases in the Westminster Dispensary (for disease of the Eye and Ear,) for which Letters Patent have been obtained by M. Taylor, M. D. from the English Government, and the sanction it has received from the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris, as well as from the following Medical gentlemen, Mr. Abernethy—Sir Astley Cooper—Drs. Boston, Curtis, Denby, and L. Segalais, Aurist, &c. and other Aurists and Surgeons, is thought to render it worthy of the attention of all in Medical Science, who have used and recommended it.

The fame of the Gutta Vegetabilis, throughout France and Germany, caused its speedy introduction into almost every country in Europe, and addresses were presented to Dr. Taylor from all parts, congratulatory of the circumstance. The certainty with which the Gutta Vegetabilis was continually applied, can be attested by many thousands. Since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louise Phillippe, King of the French, and Leopold, King of the Belgians, conferred on Dr. Taylor the title of Honorary Aurist to their Majesties, as a recompense for the many restored to hearing or otherwise cured by the application of his long tried Gutta Vegetabilis. These proofs of royal favor will, he hopes, be sufficient to encourage all who are afflicted with deafness, arising from any cause, to apply his remedy.

The *Gutta Vegetabilis* (or Infallible Remedy) needs no labored description, such is its worth, and so highly is it valued by those who have experienced its wonderful effects will do more to recommend and insure it the support of the Profession and the Public generally, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor, and by particular request, he has published the following extraordinary cases.

Miss S. A. NORTON, of Mile End Road, was many years afflicted with deafness, after trying every thing she could hear of, and her physician could prescribe, one bottle of Taylor's Gutta Vegetabilis relieved her considerably, and before she used the third bottle, she was perfectly restored to the sense of her hearing.

THOMAS HORNBY, 40 Farrington street, who was a Lieutenant in the 43 Regiment, was struck deaf on the plains of Waterloo, and had remained so ever since. After the use of one bottle of Gutta Vegetabilis, was perfectly cured.

Mrs. GREEN, of Camberwell, who had been fourteen years deprived of the sense of hearing, was quite cured by using six bottles.

To the aged who are most commonly afflicted with deafness, this preparation will indeed prove a blessing, as it has so frequently cured the worst of cases when no hope of recovery had been anticipated or derived from other means.

To those afflicted with deafness arising from cold this preparation must prove invaluable, and will restore them to hearing in nine cases out of ten.

The Gutta Vegetabilis is prepared in strict accordance with scientific principles, apart from all Empiricism, and it will be found on trial to carry its own recommendation with it, in the happy effects it produces by restoring those to hearing who have been so unfortunate as to be deprived of that sense for many years.

Caution to the Public.—To prevent being imposed upon, look well to the Certificates of the Proprietor and Inventor.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. William Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U. States, to dispose of that valuable Medicine, called TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS, with full power to appoint agents where he may think proper, and as the great demand may induce persons to fabricate the medicine to the injury of the public, I have thought proper to accompany the bill of directions round each bottle with my name signed in my own hand writing, and the more effectually to detect counterfeits, the public will observe the Seal of my agent on the outside of every bottle, to counterfeit which is felony.

Signed at my office, 20 Charles street, Bloomsbury, London, and sold by Dr. William Young, at his Infirmary for disease of the Skin, *Eye* and *Ear*, 152 Spruce Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.

N. B. Persons at a distance, can have the Medicine sent to any part of the United States, from Dr. Young. Letters (post paid,) enclosing Five Dollars, answered by return, and the Medicine punctually transmitted to any address. Dec 5—1y

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Multorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.—Hor.

The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed,

sep 26-1y DR. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION, that awful and fatal destroyer of human life, whose ravages spread over all the Universe, and hurries *millions* into an untimely grave. Thousands, yea tens of thousands of valuable lives could have been prolonged, and many yet dwell with us, if a remedy had been discovered in due time equal to Doctor SWAYNE'S SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, prepared from an *Extract of the Wild Cherry.* The curative properties of this famous tree are apparent to most of us—which forms a leading ingredient in the above valuable medicine. No one heretofore has ever been so successful in extracting the extraordinary virtues of this tree. Happy would it be for those who are afflicted with a *Distressing Cough, Bronchitis, Difficult Expectoration, or Raising of Phelgm, Hoarseness, Spitting of Blood*, or other symptoms which may likely lead into CONSUMPTION, if they would take good advice, and procure the above medicine, and use it according to directions, they would soon find the many painful hours and distressing nights turned into tranquil rest and sweet repose. Afflicted persons, you must be careful, and not grasp at the many inexperienced compounds which almost daily spring up like shadows and fall; you must be led to believe, and experience will teach you, that you are building a foundation for a serious disease, if duped by such useless mixtures. Therefore, you who are afflicted with Consumption, or symptoms which indicate it, spare no time in procuring the medicine which has been tested by the most experienced physicians, and pronounced superior, and inferior to none extant. This medicine is Dr. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which has been in general use for many years, during which time thousands of persons have been raised from their beds of sickness by its use to the enjoyment of their nearest friends, and dearest relatives. The *wonderful effects* of this medicine are highly substantiated by numerous recommendations from individuals of the first respectability and society, (who are among those whose lives have been spared and prolonged) which can be seen, if desired, by calling at the OFFICE, No. 19 north EIGHTH street, Philadelphia, where the medicine can always be obtained. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

The above MEDICINE, from its powerful tonic and strengthening effect, is an effectual remedy for weakness, and all nervous affections, from whatever cause they may arise.

The above medicine may also be had of Richard Norris, of William. No. 254 Market street, Baltimore.

All orders must be addressed to DR. SWAYNE, N. E. corner of ELEVENTH and RACE streets, Philadelphia. feb 27-3m

To the Citizens of New England.
IMPORTANT CAUTION.

Whereas, a young man by the name of Franklin O. Howard, formerly a clerk in the office No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, having recently advertised in the Boston Daily Times, that said office is removed, and that he is the agent for the sale of the Indian Vegetable Pills, or Indian Purgative of the North American College of Health—this is to inform the public that no such removal has taken place, and that F. O. Howard is an impostor; he not only having no appointment for the sale of said medicine, but was a short time ago actually dismissed from the business on account of certain irregularities, which his own conduct may compel me hereafter to make public.

The citizens of New England are therefore cautioned against purchasing medicine of said F. O. H. as he cannot by any possibility *honestly* have the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills for sale.

Agents are also earnestly requested to be on their guard, as it is feared he will endeavor to palm himself on them as the authorised agent, and thus pass upon them a counterfeit, and perhaps dangerous article.

Purchasers will observe, the genuine medicine has WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS Indian Purgative, of the North American College of Health, on the sides of the boxes, and that all others are counterfeit, intended not only to deceive the unwary, but to bring the genuine medicine into disrepute.

The only office in Boston for the sale of the Indian Vegetable Pills, is at

198 TREMONT STREET.

Principal Office and General Depot,
169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
WILLIAM WRIGHT
Vice President of the N. A. College of Health.
Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1841. jan 16—3m

HIRSTS' SEED WAREHOUSE, No. 27 South 4th st. east side, 3 doors North of Chesnut, and 1 square South of Market street, Philadelphia.

The subscribers offer for sale, the largest and finest collection of articles in their business to be found in America.

WARRANTED Vegetable Garden, *Field* and Grass Seeds of the purest quality. The collection contains all the finest standard sorts, with 150 entirely new and superior varieties of all the principal kinds. Am. growth.

FLOWER SEEDS in the choicest sort, the most superb collection to be found in the country, contains over 200 entirely new sorts, raised and selected expressly for this establishment by first florists, in Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland and America, and to be obtained at no other establishment.

BULBOUS ROOTS, in their various seasons, as Double and Single Named Hyacinths, Tulips, Anemones, Ranunculus, Polyanthos Narcissus, Amaryllis, Tuberoses, Gladiolus, Tigridas, Crocus, &c. in the most select variety, our own growth, or imported direct from the best cultivators in Holland.

FRUIT and ornamental Trees, and Shrubberies.

GREEN and Hot House Plants of the finest kind.

BOOKS on Agriculture, Floriculture, and Rural Economy.

AGRICULTURAL Tools and Implements of the best kinds. French Sugar Beet, Mangel Wurtzel, and Ruta Baga Seeds for cattle.

FRESH BIRD SEEDS, as Canary, Rape, Hemp, Maw, Millet, Rough Rice or Paddy, &c.

Bird Cages, Bird Founts, Canary and other Birds of fine song, Fish Glasses for Gold Fish. Bulb and Hand glasses.

☞ SOUTHERN and Western merchants dealing in Seeds can be supplied by the lb. or in packages, to suit each one distinctly labelled, and containing practical directions for its culture. Catalogues gratis. Communications will be instantly attended to. Orders from a distance will be faithfully attended to as though the purchaser were on the spot.

jan 16 3m H. B. & F. M. HIRST, Seedsmen and Florists.

SILK Worm Eggs—Pea Nut and Sesame White Silk Worm Eggs of the first quality for sale by the subscriber at 390 Market street.

N. B. Also Piedmontese Silk Reels.

feb 20 tf CHAS. CADWALLADER.

WORM LOZENGES

SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES, are the greatest discovery ever made, for dispelling the various kinds of worms, that so frequently and distressingly annoy, both children and adults. They are an infallible remedy, and so pleasant to the taste that children will take them as readily as a common peppermint Lozenge.

Benj. F. Goodspeed, 120 Sixth Avenue, has always cured his children of worms, by Sherman's Lozenges. He would not be without them in his house on any account.

The Rev. Jabez Townsend's girl, nine years old, was given up as incurable, by two physicians. She was fast wasting away, and was so miserable, that death was alone looked to for relief. Three doses of Sherman's Worm Lozenges entirely cured her.

Dr. Stevens, one of the most distinguished physicians in this country, says, Sherman's Worm Lozenges are the safest and best article he knows of for destroying Worms.

Dr. Hunter, another celebrated physician, uses no other worm medicine in his practice.

Dr. Castle, 297 Broadway, has used Sherman's Lozenges in his practice, for more than two years,—and never knew them to fail.

Hon. S. S. Beardsley, Col. L. Clark, Joseph Haines, Esq, Professor Bingham, and the thousands who have used these Lozenges, can fully attest to their great and wonderful virtues.

More than 200 certificates might be added of their truly wonderful properties.

Price, 25 cents per box.

NERVOUS HEADACHE, CURED IN FIVE TO TEN MINUTES, BY SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZENGES.—These are a very pleasant, agreeable and efficacious article: an unfailing remedy for *lowness of spirits, nervous or sick headache, inflammatory or putrid sore throat*, as well as all other complaints where the camphor is recommended.

SHERMAN'S POOR MAN'S PLASTER.
1,000,000 sold yearly, and only 12½ cents each.

COUGH LOZENGES

SHERMAN'S COUGH LOZENGES are the safest, most sure and effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, CONSUMPTION, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Lungs or Chest, &c. &c. The proprietor has never known an instance where they did not give perfect satisfaction.

The Rev. James Kant had suffered with a distressing cough, pain in his right side, night sweats, and all the usual symptoms of consumption. He tried many popular remedies, but all in vain. He consulted some of our most distinguished physicians, and they told him he had the consumption, and must prepare to die, as he could not be cured. A friend advised him to try Dr. Sherman's Cough Lozenges, as they had cured several that had been given up. He did so, and to the unspeakable joy of all his friends, he immediately began to grow better, and before he had taken four boxes, was entirely cured; and he is now again, through divine blessing, permitted to minister to his loving flock.

James Grant, No. 4 Ann street, cured of a most distressing cough in one day by a few doses of Sherman's Cough Lozenges.

Mr. R. D. Kemp, of Newbury, was cured of consumption, by three boxes of Sherman's Cough Lozenges, after suffering three years, and trying several doctors, and every thing he heard of. Through the blessing of God he owes his life to them.

Mrs. Jenkins was given up as incurable, and expected daily to breathe her last. She was cured in a few weeks by these celebrated Lozenges.

The Rev. Dr. Eastmond has used them in his family, as has also several members of his church, and he says no cough medicine ever was half so efficacious.

Dr. Allen, a distinguished physician of this city, says he has used Sherman's Lozenges in his practice, in a great many cases, and they always proved effectual. He has always been able to cure the most distressing cases of recent standing in one or two days.

Price $5 and 37½ cents per box. Sherman's wholesale and retail Lozenges. Warehouse No 96 North 6th street.

PETERS PILLS

THE wonderful cures effected by this medicine are the all-engrossing subjects of the day. Go where you will and you hear of nothing but Mr. Such-a-One has been cured by Dr. Peters's Vegetable Pills, or, you know Miss So-and-So was at the point of death, but she has been cured by Dr. Peters's Pills; or, are you not glad that Miss —— has been restored to health by Dr Peters's wonderful medicine.

Really this medicine must be very good, or it could not cure so many. It is good. For many years it has passed on in the "even silent tenor of its way," curing hundreds of persons who were wrangling with death. But now its onward course is impetuous.

It is as impossible to stay the demand for this medicine, as to turn the rushing wind.

A little medicine that will procrastinate death for years; shall it not enter every house? Shall it not be used by every individual? Let no man say I do not want it. You know not what to-morrow may bring forth. All should use this remedy, and remember that health is the first blessing from God.

PETER'S VEGETABLE PILLS

Are anti-bilious, anti-dyspeptic, and anti-mercurial, and may be justly considered a Universal Medicine, but they are peculiarly beneficial in the following complaints:—Yellow and Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Croup, Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Spleen, Piles, Colic, Female Obstructions, Heart Burn, Furred Tongue, Nausea, Distension of the Stomach and Bowels, Incipient Diarrhoea, Flatulence, Habitual Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Blotched or Sallow Complexion, and in all cases of Torpor of the Bowels, where a Cathartic or an Aperient is needed. They are exceedingly mild in their operations, producing neither nausea, griping nor debility.

Price 25 and 50 cents per box.

Dr. Peter's Principal office, No. 90 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. jan 9 6m

COUGHS, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, &c. cured by JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

From Atkinson's Philadelphia Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1839.

Mr. ATKINSON—Dear Sir: A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper an account of the surprising effects of Jayne's Carminative, in restoring a great number of passengers on board of a Mississippi steamboat to perfect health, who were affected by a violent Bowel Complaint. I was glad to see you notice it so kindly, you may rest assured it deserves the praise bestowed upon it. The benefit I have received from his medicines, more especially his Expectorant, induces me to state my case to you for the benefit of those who are afflicted in the same way. It has been my misfortune, sir, to labor under a Cough or Asthmatical oppression for more than half a century. When a soldier in the American camp in 1780, 1, with many others, (owing to great exposure,) had a violent attack of disease of the lungs, by which I was disabled from duty for a long time. Since that period until recently, I have never been free from a violent cough and difficulty of breathing. Year after year I have expectorated over a gill a day, often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit, or be bolstered up to obtain my breath. The weakness or debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me to a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends that I am here to write this to you. I have had skilful physicians to attend me, and every thing done that was thought likely to give me relief, without any beneficial effect. Last winter I had another very severe attack of Inflammation of the Lungs, which I fully expected would be the last. I then considered my case as past the aid of medicine, when I was persuaded to call in Doctor Jayne. With the assistance of Divine Providence, through him I was once more raised from my bed, but the cough and wheezing wearied me day and night. He advised me to use his Expectorant. I did so, with a strong hope that as it had cured many of my acquaintances of various diseases of the lungs, it might at least mitigate my sufferings. Need I say how gratified I feel? *It has effectually cured me.* As soon as I commenced taking it I found it reached my case, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as I ever did in my life, and better than I have for the last sixty years. Last summer I spit a good deal of blood; now, thank God, I am perfectly cured. Now, sir, after suffering so long, and finding at last such signal relief from Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, I feel anxious to inform my fellow citizens where relief may be had. If you think this worthy of a place in your paper, you will oblige me by noticing it.

NICHOLAS HARRIS, Sen. 35 Lombard st.

Mr. Harris has long been a worthy member, (we believe a deacon) of the First Baptist Church in this city, and implicit confidence may be placed in his assertions.—*Editor of the Post.*

Persons are invited to call and see him, and satisfy themselves.

The above valuable medicine may be had, wholesale and retail, of Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1,00. jan 2 3m

WORMS! Worms! Worms! Jayne's Tonic VERMIFUGE.—This Vermifuge is perfectly safe and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys WORMS, neutralizes acidity or sourness of the Stomach, increases the appetite, and acts as a general and permanent Tonic, and is therefore exceedingly beneficial in Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Indigestion, &c. and is almost a certain cure for FEVER and AGUE, and what is of more importance, it does it permanently.

It not only destroys Worms, and invigorates the whole system, but it dissolves and carries off the superabundant slime or mucus, so prevalent in the stomach and bowels, of children, more especially of those in bad health. This mucus forms the bed, or nest, in which worms produce their young; and by removing it—it is impossible for worms to remain in the body.

It is harmless in its effects on the system, and the health of the patient is *always improved* by its use, even when no Worms are discovered. Numerous certificates of its usefulness have been received, which the proprietor does not consider necessary to publish.

Josiah Thompson, near Salem, N. J. administered this Vermifuge to a child between two and three years old, and says that in a few days she discharged *one hundred and thirty-seven large Worms.*

Mr. Joseph A. Lentz, of the Penn Township Savings Institution, in this city, gave it to one of his children and says that after the sixth dose it brought away about fifty Worms at once, five and six inches long.

Mr. Ferdinand Woolruff used two bottles of this Vermifuge for DYSPEPSIA, and in the course of two weeks, discharged upward of thirty pieces of TAPE WORM and was thereby perfectly cured.

Another gentleman of this city had it administered to his little daughter about three years old: when she had a number of discharges from her bowels, composed entirely of *little white thread Worms.* He says "they came away from her, not only by hundreds, but I may truly say, by *thousands*, separately and in solid basis as balls as hickory nuts, composed entirely of dead worms."

SICK HEADACHE.—Many ladies and gentlemen have found this Vermifuge to be a permanent cure for Sick Headache.

PILES.—Numerous cases of Piles have been perfectly cured by the use of this valuable Vermifuge.

Finally, what the public have long desired, a medicine of this kind, which might be depended upon (prepared by a regular physician,) is now offered to them, and can be had of Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia and of all persons who sell his Expectorant and Carminative Balsam. Price 50 cents. dec 5 6m

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, *South-West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.* The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '39—tf R. & W. WILSON.

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 7½ Bowery, New York, manufacturers and dealers in Clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewellery store No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various sizes and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces, Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks, Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to run one or four pair of hands, and strike the hour from 200 to 600 dollars. mar 21—1y

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S Carpet Manufactory, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are wove of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also Ingrain and Venetian Carpets of different patterns for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. oct 17-1y